

Making New Friends



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GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON • ATLANTA
DALLAS • COLUMBUS • SAN FRANCISCO



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

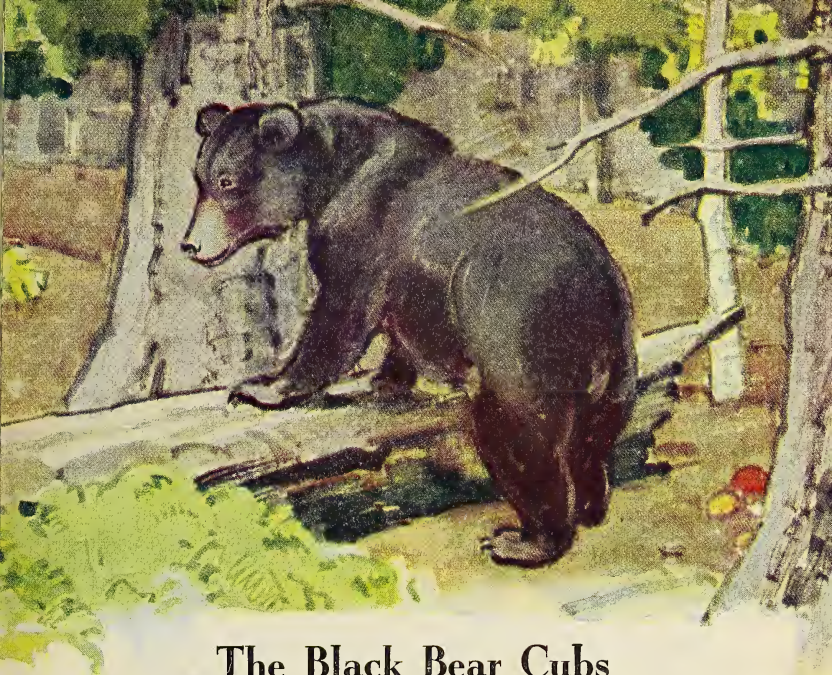
Grateful acknowledgment is made to Albert Whitman & Company for permission to use "The Swinging Bridge of Vines" from *Marcos* by Melicent H. Lee and to The John C. Winston Company, Publishers, for permission to reprint "Jambi and His Friends Start the Day," slightly adapted from *One Day with Jambi*, by Armstrong Sperry.

Making New Friends





tlg



The Black Bear Cubs

TWO NAUGHTY LITTLE BEARS

Mother Bear and her two young cubs lived in the big woods. On the warm summer nights they often slept curled up under a very large tree. It was a good place for the bears to sleep, because few men ever came to this part of the big woods.

One morning the little bears woke up very early. They ran up the hill and began to play in the bright sunshine. Mother Bear went with them and watched to see that no harm came to them.

The little bears chased each other around the trees and over an old log. They climbed up and down the big tree at the top of the hill. What fun they had!

Pretty soon they began to wrestle. They pushed and they pulled. They rolled over and over. First one cub was on top, and then the other.



After a while the little bears began to get rough. Then there was a real fight! They slapped and bit each other, growling all the time.

But the fight did not last long. Mother Bear gave each cub a slap with her big paw. That was the end of their fight.

By that time Mother Bear was hungry; so she started off to look for food. She looked very funny as she shuffled down the hill on her four flat feet. The two cubs shuffled along close at her heels, for they were hungry, too.

Mother Bear came to a stream. Splash! she went into the water. Splash! Splash! went the two cubs after her. The water felt cold to their noses, but their thick fur kept their bodies warm.

Mother Bear and the cubs swam around and around in the water. Then



they came out on the other side of the stream and went on to find something for breakfast.

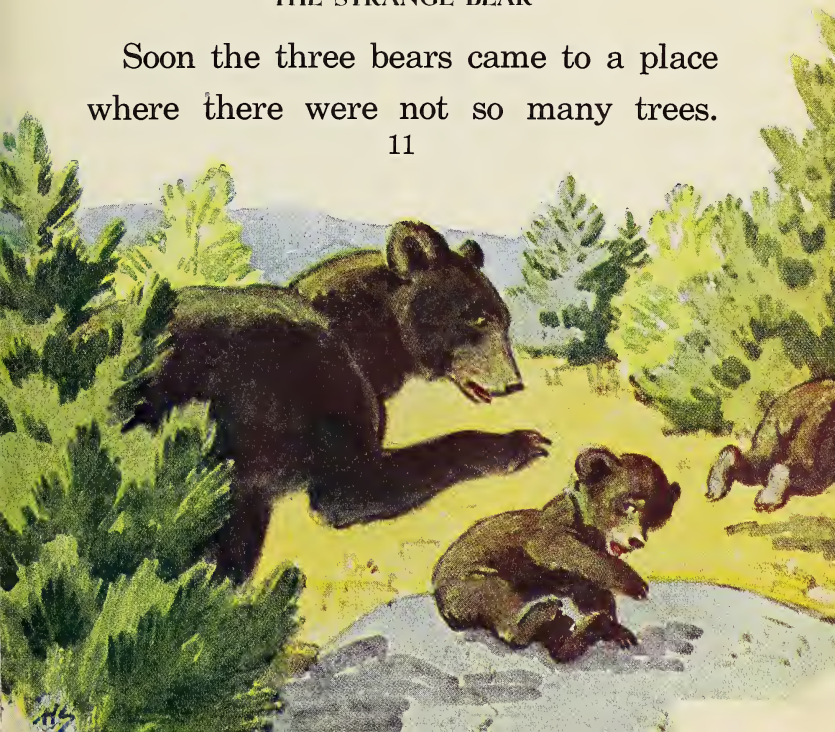
Mother Bear went on and on through the woods. The little cubs shuffled along close behind her on their short legs. Sometimes they stopped to sniff at a hole in the ground, but Mother Bear did not stop. She knew where she could find a good breakfast for herself and the cubs.

The naughty little bears could not be good, even while they were going to get breakfast. One little cub gave the other a bite on the foot, and that started another fight.

When Mother Bear saw the naughty cubs begin to fight, she came back to them. She was tired of seeing them fighting all the time. Besides, it was time to eat breakfast. She gave each cub a very hard slap with her great big paw. After that the little cubs were good for a long time.

THE STRANGE BEAR

Soon the three bears came to a place where there were not so many trees.



Mother Bear left the cubs to play while she hunted for food at the edge of the woods.

It was great fun to play in the warm sunshine. The little bears chased each other through the tall grass. But all at once they stopped. Sniff! Sniff! They smelled something. Sniff! Sniff! They smelled something good on the bushes. Berries, lots of berries!

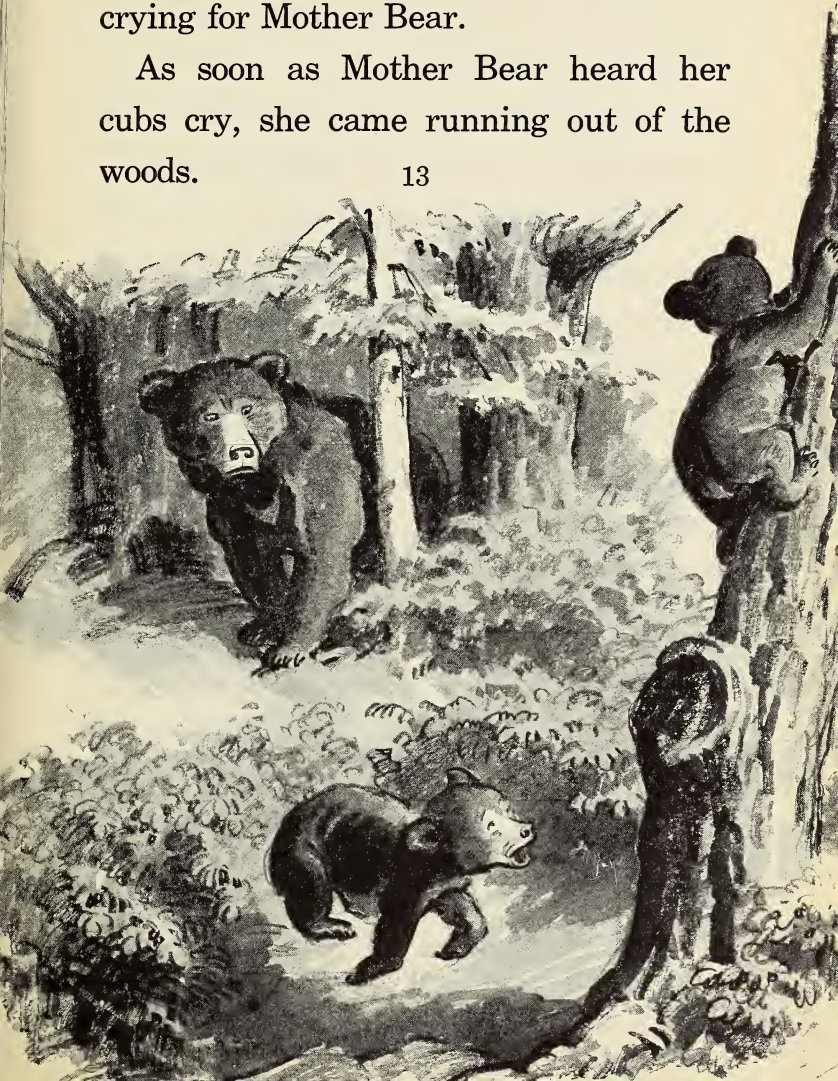
The berries were ripe and sweet and juicy, just right for breakfast. The cubs forgot all about their play. They ran to the bushes to get the berries. How they ate!

Suddenly the cubs heard a growl. They looked up, and there stood a big bear. They had never seen him before. He looked at the cubs and gave another big growl. He wanted the ripe berries for himself.

The cubs were afraid. They ran and climbed a tree. All the time they were crying for Mother Bear.

As soon as Mother Bear heard her cubs cry, she came running out of the woods.

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She knew that something was wrong. Then she saw the strange bear. She was not afraid of him. She went right up to him and growled.

The strange bear backed away. He did not like to meet a mother bear with cubs. He had met one before. What a fight that had been !

Mother Bear growled again. She showed her teeth and jumped at the big bear. The strange big bear just turned and ran off through the woods.

The cubs came down out of the tree. Now they could finish their breakfast. They ate all the berries they wanted. Then Mother Bear and the cubs went to find a good place to rest.

ALWAYS HUNGRY

The little cubs were always hungry. Mother Bear was kept busy finding food

for them. The three bears were always looking for something to eat.

One day they went back to the place where they had seen the strange big bear. There were not many berries left, and so they had to look for something else.

The cubs turned over some rocks and found some black bugs. How good the bugs tasted ! Next they tore an old log to pieces and got some more bugs. But they wanted some ants. Mother Bear always found ants under big logs.

Soon the cubs found a big log that looked as if it might have ants under it. They could see ants crawling out from under the old log.

Sniff, sniff went the cubs. They tried to push their noses under the old log. But they did not get many ants. Then they pushed and pushed on the log with

their little paws. It was so big that they could not roll it over.

Mother Bear saw them and came to help. She gave the old log a big push with her strong paws, and over it went. Ants ran everywhere. And so did the cubs. The little bears lapped up the ants with their pink tongues. How good the ants tasted !

But Mother Bear sniffed something better than bugs. She found a nest of mice. Out ran the mice. Slap ! went her big paw. Slap ! Slap ! went the paws of the two little bears. Each bear had a mouse for breakfast.



After eating the mice the bears were still hungry. They went on through the woods and stopped by some little trees. They stood up on their hind feet and ate the sweet bark. They ate off the bark of the trees as high as they could reach.

THE BEARS GO FISHING

One day Mother Bear started down the hill toward the stream. The two little bears went with her.

When Mother Bear came to the stream, she sat down on a rock at the edge of the water. She sat very, very still and watched and watched. The little bears sat very still, too, for they knew what Mother Bear was doing.

Splash! Mother Bear suddenly slapped a big paw into the clear, cold water. Out flopped a big fish. How it flopped and wiggled on the ground! But

it did not flop long. One of the cubs caught it and began to eat.

Splash ! went Mother Bear's paw into the water again. Out came another big fish. It flopped and wiggled, too. The other cub ate it.

Mother Bear caught more fish and gave them to the cubs. She caught some for herself, too. All the bears liked fish, and how they ate ! They ate fish until they could eat no more.

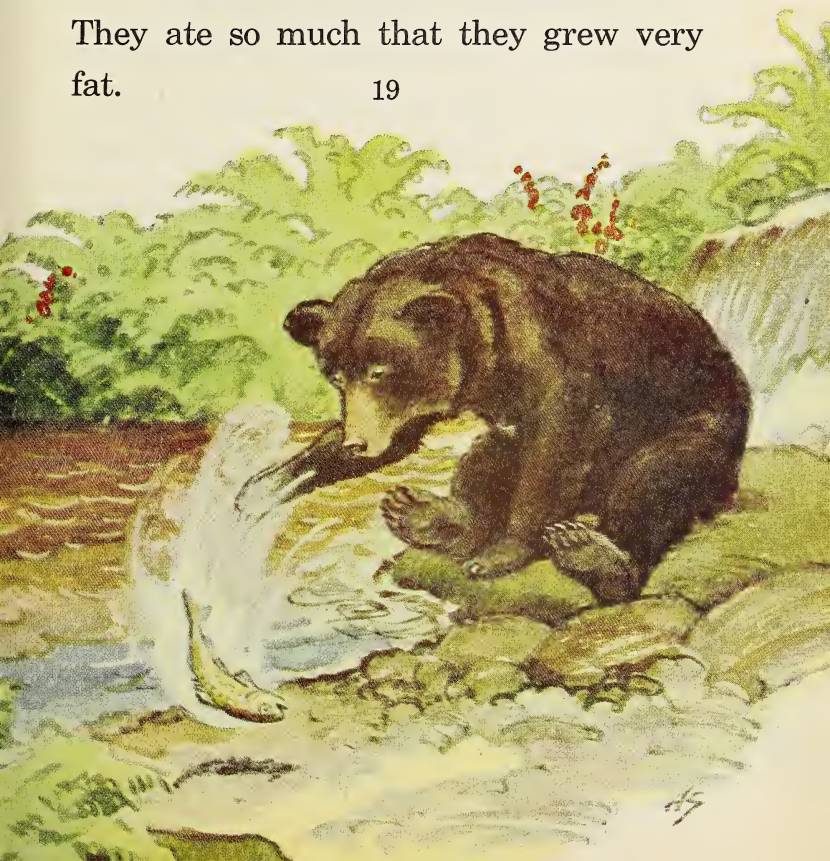


Then they walked slowly up the hill.
When they reached the top, they were
full of fish and very sleepy. So they took
a long nap.

WHEN SUMMER WAS OVER

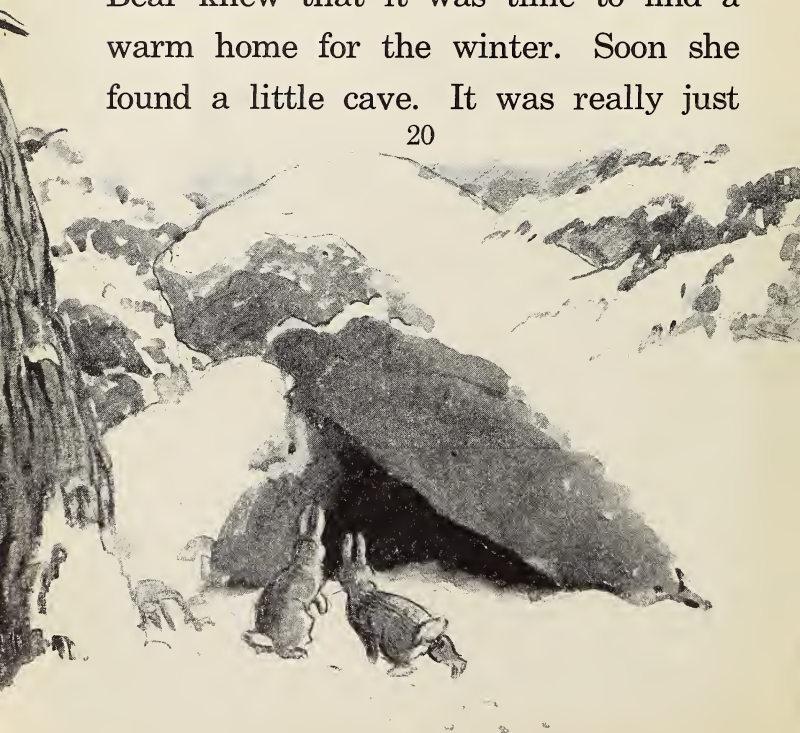
The bears ate and played all summer.
They ate so much that they grew very
fat.

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Then the leaves began to fall in the big woods where the bears lived. No more berries grew on the bushes. Mother Bear could find no more ants under old logs. When she turned over the big rocks, no bugs ran out from under them. Cold winds blew through the trees.

One day snow began to fall. Mother Bear knew that it was time to find a warm home for the winter. Soon she found a little cave. It was really just

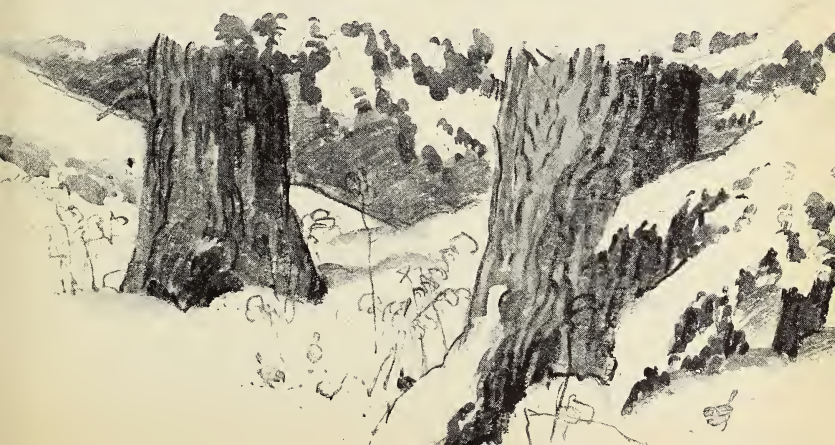


a big hole under a large rock, but it was just the kind of place Mother Bear wanted for a winter home.

Mother Bear and her cubs went into their little cave. They cuddled close together. Their thick fur kept them warm. Soon they went to sleep.

More and more snow fell in the big woods. It covered the door to the cave where the bears slept.

Mother Bear and her cubs slept inside the warm cave for almost six months. They did not wake up until spring came. What a long sleep they had !





Lost and Found

JOE FINDS A BOOK

“Good-by, Mother,” called Joe. Then he went down the front steps and started for school.

Just before Joe reached the sidewalk, he saw a book lying on the steps. It was not his book, he knew, but he thought there might be a name in it.

Joe opened the book and looked for a name. No person's name was written in the book, but the name of Joe's school was printed inside the cover.

"This book belongs to the school," thought Joe. "I wonder who left it on our front steps. What shall I do with it?"

What Should Joe Do with the Book?

1. He should keep it.
2. He should give it to his mother.
3. He should ask everyone who passes if he lost the book.
4. He should ask the boy next door if he lost the book.
5. He should take the book to his teacher.
6. He should leave the book on the front steps.
7. He should give the book to a policeman.



MOTHER LOSES HER BRACELET

Mary lived on a farm. One day she went to town with Mother to do some shopping.

"Let's see what they have in the windows before we go into the stores to shop," said Mother.

Mary and Mother walked all about the town looking into the store windows. They saw many of their friends and talked to them. They went to a shoe store and Mother bought Mary some new shoes.

Then they started to go into a grocery store.

“ Mary ! ” said Mother. “ Where is my bracelet ? It is gone ! ”

“ You had it on when we got to town, ” said Mary. “ I saw it. ”

“ I know I wore it, ” said Mother. “ Where could I have lost it ? We have been to so many places. ”

What Should Mother Do to Find Her Bracelet?

1. She should ask a policeman to help her find it.

2. She should say, “ It is no use to try to find it. ”

3. She should put an advertisement in the paper.

4. She should ask people on the street to look for it.

5. She should go back to the shoe store to look for it.

SUSAN KNOWS WHAT TO DO

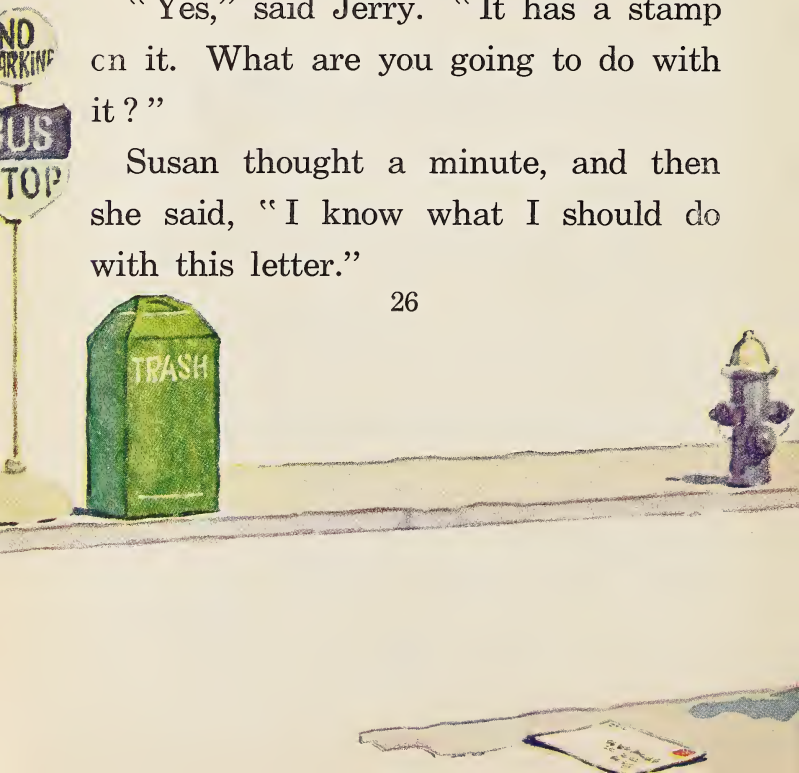
Susan and Jerry were in a big hurry. They were going to the store for Mother.

As the two children ran down the street, Susan saw a letter lying on the sidewalk. She picked it up.

"Someone has lost this letter," said Susan. "It is all ready to mail."

"Yes," said Jerry. "It has a stamp on it. What are you going to do with it?"

Susan thought a minute, and then she said, "I know what I should do with this letter."



And Susan did exactly the right thing
with the letter.

What Did Susan Do with the Letter?

1. She opened it.
2. She put it in a mailbox.
3. She took it home to Mother.
4. She threw it away.
5. She left it on the sidewalk.
6. She gave it to the man at the grocery
store.

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A LITTLE LOST PUPPY

One cold, windy afternoon, Jimmy was hurrying home from school. He was about a block from home, when a pretty little brown puppy began to follow him. Jimmy had never seen the puppy before.

“Go back !” Jimmy said to the puppy. “You must not follow me. You will get lost.”

But the little puppy would not go back. When Jimmy got home, the puppy wanted to go into the house with him.

“I cannot leave you out in the cold, Little Puppy,” said Jimmy. “You are lost. You may come in with me and get warm.”

The little puppy got warm in Jimmy’s house. He was hungry, and Jimmy gave him a good supper. The puppy liked Jimmy and seemed quite happy.

What Should Jimmy Do with the Puppy?

1. He should keep the puppy unless someone comes for it.

2. He should find the puppy a good home.

3. He should put an advertisement in the paper saying that he has found the lost puppy.

4. He should call the police and tell them that he has found a puppy.

5. He should put the puppy outdoors as soon as he has been fed and warmed.





Snow, the Baby Calf

BETTY AND TOM FIND A NEW CALF

One cloudy afternoon in March, Tom and Betty went to get the cows. The weather had been warm for a few days, and the cows had been turned out into the pasture.

Tom and Betty had been gone only a little while when Mother saw them running back through the pasture. They

were so excited that they did not take time to go to the gate. They rolled under the fence and ran to the house. "What is the matter?" thought Mother.

When the children got to the house, they were so excited and so out of breath that they could hardly talk.

"Old Boss has a new calf 'way back in the pasture," said Tom. "She tried to hide it behind some little trees, but we saw it when we went to get the cows."

"We want to bring it to the barn to surprise Father when he comes home," said Betty. "Besides, it looks like snow, and the calf will get cold."

Mother thought for a minute. Then she said: "It's a good thing you found the calf, but you must not try to bring Boss and her new calf to the barn alone.

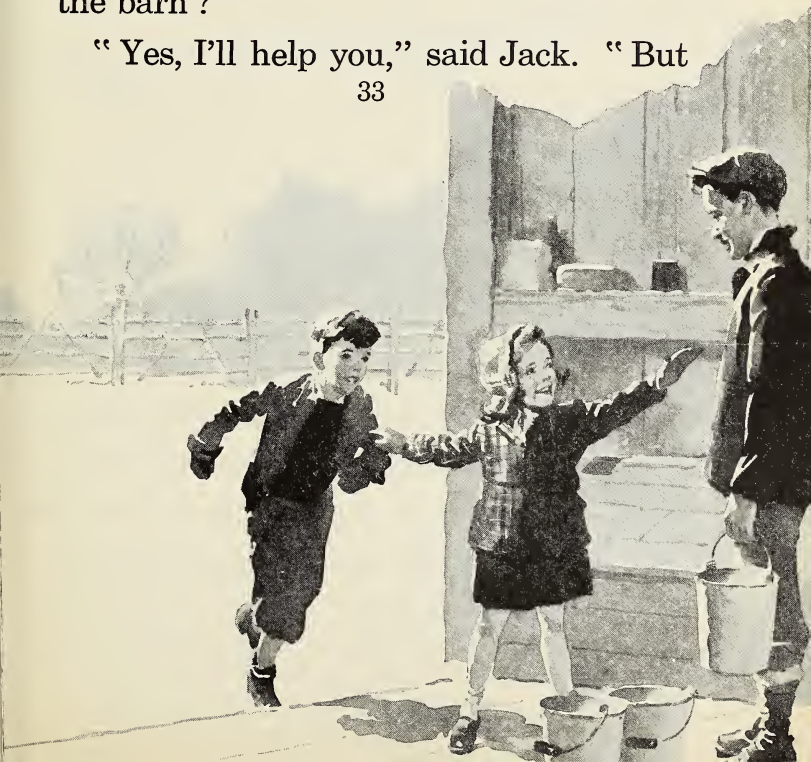
"Boss is a gentle cow, but when a cow has a new calf, you can't tell what

she will do. She might chase you. Jack will go with you. He is down at the barn."

Jack was their big brother. He was in high school and was almost as big and strong as Father. Tom and Betty ran to the barn.

"Oh, Jack!" called Tom. "Boss has a new calf. Will you help us bring it to the barn?"

"Yes, I'll help you," said Jack. "But



first get something warm to put around the new calf."

Tom ran to get a piece of old blanket to put around the calf. Then he and Jack and Betty went to the pasture.

BRINGING THE CALF HOME

When they came to the little trees, there was the calf. Boss was standing by it. She had licked her baby until its hair was soft and curly. "Moo, moo!" said Boss.

The calf was black and white like its mother, and what long legs it had! But its legs were too wobbly to walk all the way through the pasture to the barn.

"The calf is not strong enough to walk very far," said Jack. "But we must get it to the barn. It is snowing a little now, and it will be too cold for the calf in the pasture tonight."



Boss did not want Jack or the children to come near her baby. She put down her head and walked toward them. "Moo, moo!" she said.

Jack said: "Stand back, Betty. Stand back, Tom. I must try to get Boss to let me carry the little calf to the barn."

Jack walked up to Boss and patted her. "So-o, Boss. So-o, Boss," he said very quietly.

Boss stopped licking her baby and looked at Jack. Then she walked all around the baby.

"So-o, Boss. So-o, Boss," said Jack. He patted her again. Betty and Tom wished that they could pet the calf, but they kept very still and stayed behind Jack.

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“Come, Boss,” said Jack. “Come on to the barn.”

Boss would not move. Very slowly Jack walked over to the calf.

“Moo, moo, moo,” said Boss. She ran between Jack and her baby.

Betty and Tom thought that she was saying, “Keep away from my baby,” but Jack said, very softly: “There now, Boss. I won’t hurt your calf.”

Then he touched the baby calf. This time Boss stood still. She seemed to understand that Jack would not hurt her baby.

“Hurry, Jack, hurry,” called Betty. “We want to get to the barn before Father comes home. We want to surprise him.”

“Be quiet, Betty,” said Jack. “If we get Boss excited, she won’t let me carry her calf.”



Jack put the piece of blanket around the calf and picked the calf up with one arm. He looked very funny, with the calf's long legs sticking out under his arm. Then he started for the barn, with Boss following close behind him. Betty and Tom walked along behind Boss.

All the way home the children hoped that Father had not come home yet. Sure enough, when they got to the barn, Father was not there.



When Father did come home, Betty and Tom ran to meet him. "We have a surprise for you, Father," they said. "Come with us to the barn."

There in the barn were Boss and her calf, cozy and warm. The calf was getting its dinner.

"Boss tried to hide the calf behind some little trees," Betty said. "But we saw it when we went to get the cows. We got Jack, and he carried the calf to the barn."

Father said : " I'm glad you brought the calf to the barn. It's snowing hard now, and the snow may be very deep by morning."

" Let's name the calf Snow," said Betty. " We brought it to the barn in the snow."

Tom and Jack and Father laughed.

" That's a funny name for a black-and-white calf," said Tom. " I think we should name it Blackie."

" That's a funny name, too, for a black-and-white calf," said Betty. " I want to name it Snow."

Then Father asked, " Who saw the calf first ? "

" Well," said Tom, " I guess Betty did."

" Then Betty may name it," said Father. " The calf was born on a snowy day. Snow will be a good name for it."

The calf did not seem to care whether its name was Snow or Blackie. It had something more important to do. It was getting its dinner.

Find the Part of the Story That Tells

1. When the calf was found.
2. Who found the calf.
3. Why the calf should be taken to the barn.
4. Why children should not go near a cow with a baby calf.
5. Who went with Betty and Tom to get the calf.
6. How Boss showed that she did not want Jack to hurt her calf.
7. How Jack took the calf to the barn.
8. What Betty told her father about finding the calf.
9. What Betty wanted to call the calf.
10. Why Father let Betty name the calf Snow.

DRINKING FROM A PAIL

Snow lived in the barn with Boss for three days. She had her dinner of milk whenever she wanted it. Every day Tom and Betty went to the barn to look at Boss and her calf.

One day Jack called to Betty : “ Come with me to the barn if you want to have some fun. Snow is going to learn to get her dinner from a pail.”

“ Why do you have to take Snow away from old Boss ? ” asked Betty. “ Why does she have to drink out of a pail ? ”

“ Because,” said Jack, “ a little calf does not need all its mother’s milk. We want some of Boss’s milk so that we shall have more cream to sell. We shall give Snow all the milk that is good for her.

“ This is a good time for Snow to learn how to drink from a pail. She will be hungry now, for she has not had any



milk since this morning. I put Boss in the barnyard away from Snow.”

Even before Jack and Betty got to the barn, they heard Snow moo and moo.

“Snow is hungry,” said Betty.

Then they heard old Boss in the barnyard. “Moo! Moo! Moo!” she said. She wanted her calf.

Jack said: “Betty, you stay with Snow while I go out in the barnyard and milk Boss. I want some warm milk for Snow.”

Soon Jack brought the milk back to the barn. He put one leg over Snow's back. He held her tight between his legs. He put one hand down into the pail of milk, and with his other hand he pushed Snow's head into the pail. He tried to put his fingers into Snow's mouth.

Bump, bang, went Snow's head against the pail. Splash, splash, went the milk all over Snow and Jack. How Betty laughed! "You are getting a milk bath, Jack," she said. 44



Out came Snow's head with milk on her nose, but no milk in her mouth. She shook her head. She blew milk out of her nose all over Jack. Betty laughed and laughed. Jack laughed, too.

Jack had to get some more milk. Then he pushed Snow's head into the pail again. This time he got his fingers into Snow's mouth.

How surprised the calf was when she got some milk from Jack's fingers! She did not knock the pail over. This was almost like getting dinner from her mother. She sucked Jack's fingers, but the milk was all gone.

Then Jack pushed Snow's head into the pail again. This time Snow did not even try to knock the pail over.

"There, Betty," said Jack, "she took some milk from the pail that time. She will soon learn to drink from the pail."

Three times a day Betty helped Jack feed Snow from a pail. Soon the calf stood very still and drank her milk whenever Jack brought it to her.

One day Snow let Betty feed her. After that, Betty fed her every day. "She is my calf anyway," said Betty. "I saw her first and I named her."

TROUBLE FOR SNOW

One summer morning the family were eating breakfast. They were talking



about Snow, who was a big calf now. She was more than four months old.

"Father," said Jack, "Snow is the worst calf we have ever had. She jumps over fences and gets into everything. Yesterday she got into the garden. When I tried to drive her out, she ran past me into the yard and knocked some of the clean clothes off the line.

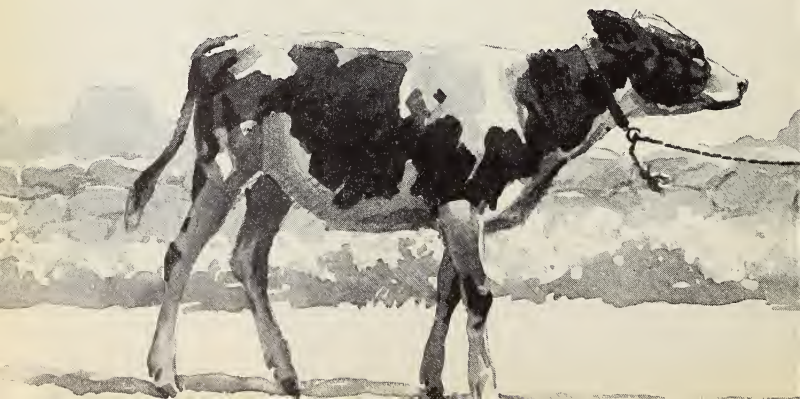
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"She has got out of her pasture three times this week. Yesterday she got into the pasture with the cows and took all of old Boss's milk."

"Well," said Father, "we can't have that. She has been with her mother so many times that she has never forgotten her. I will have to sell her if she keeps getting into trouble."

"Why don't you put Snow in the orchard pasture back of the house?" said Mother. "It has a good fence that will keep her in. Snow should be a good cow like her mother when she grows up. I should like to keep her."



"Jack and I can't move Snow this morning," said Father. "We must go right away to help Mr. White cut his oats. We are late now."

Betty heard what Mother and Father and Jack said about Snow. "They must not sell Snow," she thought.

Betty liked to play with Snow. The calf followed her all over the pasture. Every morning and evening Snow came to the fence for Betty to feed her. She would let Betty lead her with a rope.



Betty and Tom had taken some funny rides on Snow, though no one knew about these rides but Betty and Tom. It was a lot more fun and much more exciting to ride Snow than to ride the horses. The children never knew where she was going.

Sometimes Snow kicked up her heels and the children fell off. Sometimes she stopped quickly, and they went over her head. Betty and Tom always shouted and laughed. Sometimes they made so much noise that they were afraid Mother would hear them and make them stop. But she never did.

Betty liked Snow and she was not going to let her be sold if she could help it.

"I will watch Snow today," Betty told Father. "I think I can keep her in the pasture."

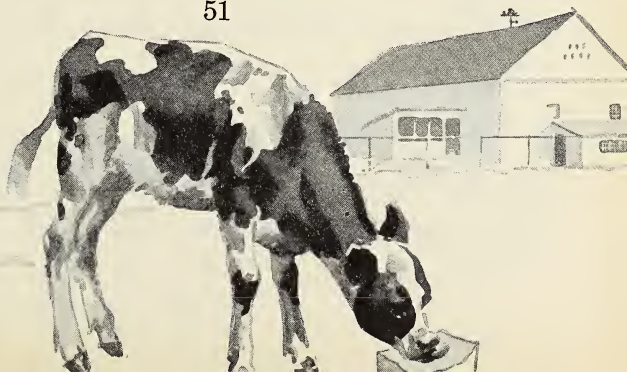
"You will be busy if you keep that calf in the pasture," said Jack. "Tom is going with Father and me."

BETTY AND SNOW

Every little while that morning Betty ran out to see about her calf. One time Snow was licking a block of salt that Jack had put out for her. Once she was asleep under a tree, and once she ran over to the fence and licked Betty's hand.

That afternoon Mother was going to town to sell some eggs. "Do you want to go with me, Betty?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Betty — but then she thought about Snow. "No, thank you,



Mother," she said. "I will stay at home with Grandmother."

It was a good thing that Betty did not go to town. Not five minutes after Mother had gone, Snow poked her black-and-white face around the barn door.

"That calf is about to get into some more mischief," thought Betty. "I know what I'll do. I'll take her to the orchard pasture myself."

Betty went to the orchard pasture and opened the gate. Then she came back to the barn to get a rope and strap to lead Snow. She put the strap around Snow's neck, took hold of the end of the rope, and started off to the orchard.

"I can take care of Snow," thought Betty. "She is my calf. She knows me. Won't Jack and Father be surprised when they come home and find Snow in the orchard?"



Snow walked along behind Betty up the hill from the barn to the yard. Then all at once she gave a big jump and started to run. Then she stopped very quickly. Betty sat down hard. "Snow! You must not do that!" cried Betty.

Betty got up, brushed the dirt off her dress, and led Snow into the yard. Betty's trouble had just begun. Before she knew what had happened, Snow was gone, rope and all. Away she ran across the yard, with Betty after her. "Stop, Snow, stop," called Betty. "You are a bad calf. Father will sell you."

After a while Snow stopped running. Betty took hold of the rope again and



started toward the orchard pasture. But now Snow would not take a step.

“Come on, Snow,” said Betty. “What is the matter with you?”

Betty pulled on the rope. The harder she pulled, the harder Snow pulled back.

“Snow, what am I going to do with you?” said Betty. “Please be a good calf.”

But not one step would Snow take. Betty was hot and tired, but she had to



get Snow into the pasture. She dropped the rope and went around to give Snow a slap. Snow gave a jump and away she went. She ran right through Mother's flower bed.

BETTY'S GOOD IDEA

"I must think of something else to do," thought Betty. "I can't run after Snow all afternoon. If Father finds her here, he will be sure to sell her.

"I know what I'll do. Why didn't I think of it before?" Away ran Betty into the house. Soon she was back with some milk in a pail.

Snow was now standing by the fence. Betty walked up to her, but did not try to take hold of the rope. She held the pail so that Snow could see the milk and smell it. But when Snow tried to drink the milk, Betty pulled the pail away. She walked slowly to the orchard gate. Snow came, too.

Snow came closer and closer, but Betty went on a little faster so that Snow did not get any milk. Soon Betty had to run to keep in front of Snow. At last Betty ran through the gate to the orchard, with Snow after her. Betty set the pail of milk on the ground and



quickly shut the gate. Then while Snow was drinking the milk, she took off the strap and picked up the rope.

Betty sat down, wiped her face, and said: "Well, Snow, if they don't sell you, it is only because I stayed at home today. You had better stay in this pasture if you know what is good for you."

Mable E. Root

Can You Tell?

1. How did Jack try to teach Snow to drink from a pail?

2. What happened the first time he tried?

3. Did Snow learn to drink out of a pail?

4. How did Tom and Betty play with Snow?

5. Why did Jack think Snow was bad?

6. Why did Betty not go to town?

7. How did Betty get Snow to go to the pasture?

Can You Guess These Riddles?

1.

I am round.

You can throw me.

You can bat me.

You can make me bounce.

What am I ?

2.

I have a roof.

I have walls.

I have doors and windows.

You live in me.

What am I ?

3.

I am made of paper.

I have a back.

I am full of leaves.

You can read me.

What am I ?

4.

I am high up in the air.
I sometimes hide the sun.
I bring you rain and snow.
What am I ?

5.

I grow in a field.
I have ears, but I cannot hear.
Cows and horses eat my ears.
What am I ?

6.

I come in winter.
I cover the ground.
I am white and cold.
What am I ?

7.

I have wings.
I am not a bird, but I can fly.
I carry people high in the air.
What am I ?



How to Take Care of Books

HOW TO OPEN A NEW BOOK

If you do not open a new book in the right way, you may break the back. This makes the pages loose and they will fall out.

To open a new book, first hold all the pages up together. Then lay the covers of the book flat on your desk. The picture shows how to do this.

Next, take a few pages at the front of the book and press them down against the front cover. Then take a few pages at the back of the book and press them down against the back cover.



Press down more pages from the front of the book, and more pages from the back of the book, until all the pages have been pressed down.

It is a good thing to press down the pages more than once. This makes the pages turn easily.

HOW TO MARK YOUR PLACE

You should never lay a book face down to mark your place. This may break the

back of your book. It may also break the back of your book to use a pencil to keep your place. It is best to use a piece of paper or a ribbon for a bookmark.

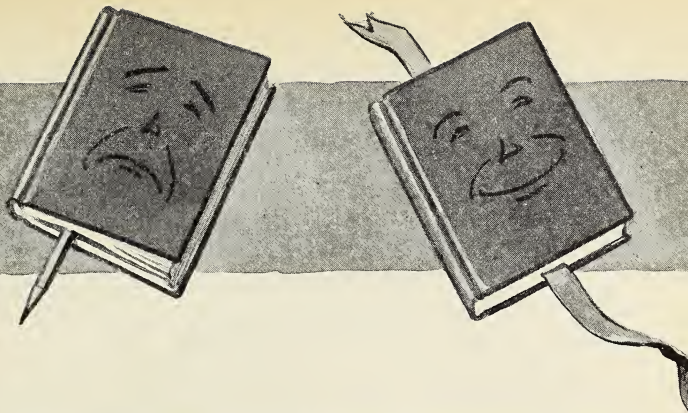
You may have seen someone turn down the corner of a page or make a mark in a book to keep his place. This makes a book look old and ugly in a short time.

Look at the picture on the next page. Which book in the picture shows the right way to keep your place in a book ?

Which book in the picture shows the wrong way to keep your place in a book ?

HOW TO KEEP A BOOK CLEAN

The best way to keep a book clean is to be sure that your hands are clean when you touch it. Dirty hands make dirty books.



Be sure that your hands are dry when you handle a book. Wet hands spot the covers and pages of a book, and then dirt sticks to them.

Turn the pages of a book by taking hold of the upper right-hand corner of each page. Never wet your thumb or finger to turn a page. A wet finger leaves a dirty mark.

A book is likely to get dirty if you lay it on the ground. A book may get soiled if you lay it on a table that has food on it. Be careful where you lay your book if you want it to keep clean.

If you eat while you read, it is hard to keep food off your book. Some food may fall on it, and any food that sticks to your hand is almost sure to get on your book. The best plan is not to eat at all while you are reading.

No matter how hard you try to keep your books clean, they will never look clean if you mark or draw pictures in them.

If you take good care of your books, they will always be clean and neat looking.



Right or Wrong?

Is it right or wrong to mark your place in a book by :

1. laying the book face down ?
2. using a piece of paper ?
3. using a pencil ?
4. using a ribbon ?
5. turning down the corner of a page ?
6. marking in the book ?

Is it right or wrong to :

1. pick up a book with dirty hands ?
2. make sure that your hands are dry before you handle a book ?
3. wet your finger to turn a page ?
4. eat while you read ?
5. put a book on a table that has food on it ?
6. lay a book on the ground while you stop to play ?
7. wash your hands, if they are dirty, before you begin to read ?





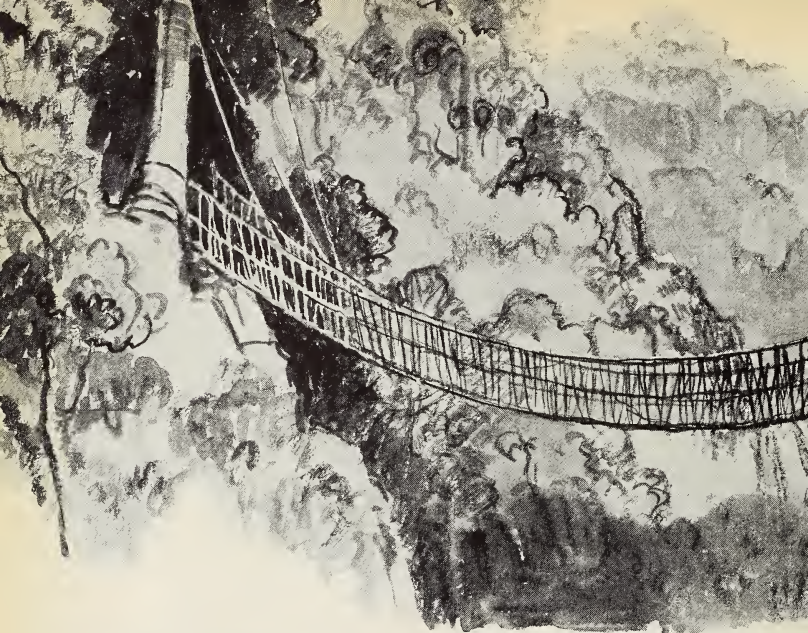
The Swinging Bridge of Vines

MARCOS LEAVES HOME

Marcos was an Indian boy. His home was in the mountains of Mexico.

Early one morning, Marcos left his home. It was not very light when he started. He was going to the great city far away.

"I am going to find work," said Marcos. "I want to work until I can



save enough money to buy a pair of oxen for my father. He needs a pair of oxen to plow the land, so that he can grow corn to make flour for bread.”

Marcos walked down, down, down the path all day long. Then he stopped on the side of the mountain and looked. He was looking at a deep, wide canyon. A canyon is a deep valley with high, steep sides. This canyon was between the



mountain Marcos was on and the next mountain. A river ran far down in the bottom of the canyon.

But that was not all Marcos saw. A swinging bridge of vines hung from the mountain where he stood to the one on the other side. It dipped 'way down in the center. How could Marcos have forgotten this swinging bridge? His father had often told him about it.

It had not seemed like a real bridge to him. It had seemed like a part of some old story. His father was always telling him stories. But now Marcos himself would really have to cross the swinging bridge.

Marcos climbed slowly down the rocky path until he stood at the end of the swinging bridge of vines. It went right across the deep canyon. It was not swinging now, for no one was walking upon it.

HOW MARCOS MADE UP HIS MIND

Then Marcos remembered a story that his father had told him. An old woman was afraid to cross the bridge. A man blindfolded her so that she could not see the water far below. Then she crossed easily. But one man walked before her and another man walked behind her.



Marcos shut his eyes. How his heart beat! He looked back toward the way he had come. Would he have to turn back?

“There is no one to blindfold me,” he thought. “Shall I blindfold myself? That would not be wise. There is no one to walk before me and there is no one to walk behind me. No one! No one!” he thought. “Shall I go back?”

And then he laughed. "Am I a coward?" he asked himself. "Am I afraid of a vine bridge? My father and mother have crossed it many, many times. If this vine bridge holds others, it will hold me. How can I reach the great city unless I cross this bridge?"

HOW MARCOS CROSSED THE BRIDGE

Marcos bravely set one dusty, brown foot on the bridge. He held the vine rail with one hand. The bridge swung in the wind. He shut his eyes very tight, and then he opened them wide again. He took one step, and then another, and then another. Soon he was walking softly and slowly in the very middle of the bridge.

He kept his eyes on the next mountain. "I must not look down!" he thought. But it seemed as if he must look down.



A voice in the river seemed to be calling :
“ Look down ! Look down ! ”

And then Marcos laughed again. “ You
can’t fool me, old river ! I won’t look
down. But even if I did, you wouldn’t
make me dizzy ! ”

And so Marcos crossed the bridge of vines.

“Ha-ha!” he laughed. “I have done the hardest thing first. Now things will not seem so hard in the great city.”

Melicent Humason Lee (Adapted)

Find the Right Word

1. Marcos was going to the great
---?----

2. He was going to save money to buy
---?--- for his father.

3. A ---?--- ran along the bottom of the canyon.

4. A swinging bridge of vines hung across the ---?----

5. The bridge ---?--- in the wind while Marcos was crossing it.

6. Marcos walked in the ---?--- of the bridge.

7. He kept his eyes on the next ---?----

Do You Know These Colors?

red	orange	yellow
gray	blue	purple
black	white	green

Here are the names of some colors.
Use the names in answering these questions :

1. What color is a lemon ?
2. What color is grass ?
3. What color is the sky ?
4. What color is snow ?
5. What color are cherries ?
6. What color are violets ?
7. What color is used as a sign of danger ?
8. What color is a crow ?
9. What color is a mouse ?
10. What color is an orange ?
11. What colors are balloons ?
12. What color do you like best ?





Blackie, the Pet Crow

A LOST BABY

One morning in early summer, Tom and Betty wanted to go to the woods on the other side of the pasture. Mother gave them some cookies, and away they went.

Soon Tom and Betty came to the woods. They liked walking in the shade of the big trees.

"Isn't it cool and quiet here?" Tom asked Betty.

But just then they heard a strange noise. They stopped.

"Sh-h!" Tom whispered. "What was that?"

Betty stopped eating her cookie and listened. "Is it a bird?" she asked.

"I think so," answered Tom. "It sounds to me like a baby bird calling its mother. Let's look for it."

Tom led the way through the bushes, and Betty tiptoed after him.



Suddenly Tom stopped. "Look, look, Betty!" he cried. "There it is — it's a young crow."

A strange-looking little bird sat on a low branch of a bush. It had black feathers and a large beak. Every now and then it turned its head from side to side and blinked its yellow eyes. As Tom and Betty watched the little bird, it raised itself on the branch, flapped its wings, and gave a loud squawk.

"Look, Tom!" said Betty. "He has hurt one of his legs."

Tom nodded his head. "His leg must be broken," he said. "He cannot hold to the branch with his right foot. He is holding that foot up as if it hurt."

"Poor little crow!" said Betty.

Tom walked very quietly to the bush. Suddenly the little bird opened his beak wide.

Betty was frightened and jumped back. But Tom knew that the little crow was only asking for food. Tom broke off a small piece of his cooky and dropped it into the little crow's big mouth.

Tom and Betty fed the bird all that was left of their cookies. Then Betty asked, "Do you think he is lost?"

"I am afraid so," answered Tom. "He seems to be very hungry. It must have been a long time since he had anything to eat."

"Let's take him home with us," said Betty. "Maybe Mother will let us keep him for a pet."

"I think Father may be able to do something for his leg," said Tom.

He took the baby crow in his hand. The little bird did not seem to be afraid. Soon he closed his eyes and went sound asleep.

TAKING CARE OF THE BABY CROW

When the children got home, they found Father working in the yard.

"Father! Father!" cried Betty. "See what we found in the woods."

"It is a baby crow with a broken leg," said Tom. He held out the little crow for Father to see.



“Sure enough,” said Father. He took the little crow in his hands and smoothed its black feathers. Then he handed it back to Tom. “Hold it carefully until I come back,” he said.

It was not long before Father was back. He had two flat sticks, some soft cotton, and a roll of tape. From the sticks he made a splint to hold the broken bone together. Then he fastened it to the little crow’s leg with narrow strips of tape.

“Must we take him back to the woods now ? ” asked Betty.

“Not until his leg is well,” said Father. “He is only a baby bird and is too young to find food for himself. He would soon die in the woods. I will fix a perch for him in the barn. But you two will have to feed him. Remember, all pets must have something to eat,



something to drink, and a safe place to rest. Will you take good care of him ? ”

“ Yes, yes ! ” cried Betty, hopping up and down.

Just then Mother called, “ Dinner ! Dinner ! ”

Tom carried the little crow into the house and put him on the back of a chair near the table. He held on tightly with his one good foot.

“What are you going to name him?”
asked Mother.

“Blackie,” said Tom.

“Yes, Blackie,” said Betty.

So the baby crow was named Blackie.

A HUNGRY BIRD

While the children and their mother
were talking, Blackie opened his mouth

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and squawked loudly. He wanted some dinner, too.

Tom dipped some bread into his milk and fed it to the hungry baby bird. Blackie quickly ate it and squawked for more.

"Now," said Father, "I will go and fix a perch for Blackie in the barn."

Betty gave Blackie another piece of bread. Blackie ate it quickly. Then his mouth flew open again.

"My, goodness!" said Mother. "What a hungry baby!"

"Ready, children," called Father. "Bring Blackie to the barn!"

Tom took Blackie in his hand and went to the barn. Betty went, too.

"How is that for a perch?" asked Father. He pointed to a small branch of a tree that he had cut and placed in a corner of the barn.

Tom set the sleepy little bird on the branch. Blackie fastened his claw tightly around it, and rested his round body on the branch. Then he sleepily blinked his yellow eyes and looked around the barn.

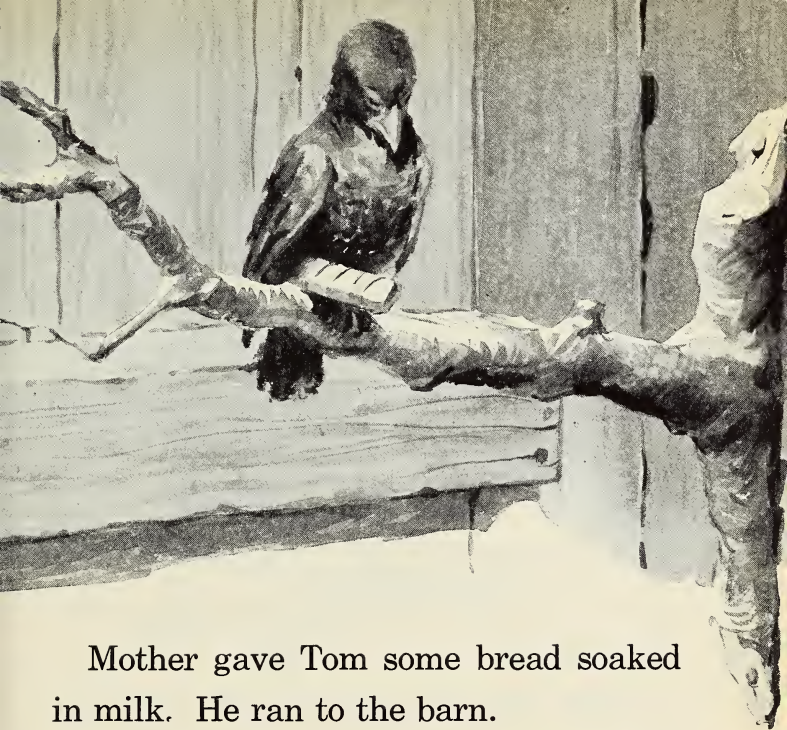
"I think he likes his new perch, Father," whispered Betty.

When Tom and Betty peeped in after a little while, Blackie was fast asleep.

Very early next morning, Blackie was ready for breakfast. He called and called. Tom heard him first.

Tom hurried and dressed. He ran out to the barn. Blackie's beak flew open when he saw him. Tom knew what it was that Blackie wanted.

Tom ran back to the house. "Mother! Mother!" he called. "May I have some bread and milk for Blackie? He is hungry."



Mother gave Tom some bread soaked in milk. He ran to the barn.

When Blackie saw Tom coming, he opened his mouth and began to squawk. He gobbled down the bread as fast as Tom could put it into his mouth.

The children watched their new pet all day. Betty fed Blackie bits of hard-boiled egg, and gave him water. Tom hunted for bugs and worms in the garden.

He wanted to be very sure that Blackie had enough to eat.

“ My,” said Betty, “ I didn’t know a bird could eat so much ! ”

BLACKIE GETS WELL

In a few days, Blackie was able to fly to Tom’s shoulder. He even sat on Betty’s head. Sometimes he hopped along after them on one foot. It was not very long before Blackie followed Tom and Betty everywhere.

After three weeks, Father took the splint off Blackie’s leg. Tom set him on the ground.

Blackie stretched his leg and flapped his black wings. Then he saw a fat brown bug, and ran quickly to gobble it up.

“ He can walk ! ” cried Betty.

“ He can walk ! ” cried Tom.



"Yes," said Father, "he can walk. I do believe his leg is as good as it ever was." He stooped down, and Blackie jumped upon Father's wrist. "Soon he will be able to feed himself. Just see what a large bird he has grown to be."

"Almost as large as Mary Ann," said Betty, holding up her large rag doll. As she spoke, Blackie grabbed the doll

from her hand. He flew with it to the roof, but after a minute he brought it back.

NAUGHTY BLACKIE

By fall Blackie was a full-grown crow. It was about that time that Mother began to miss things about the house. First, she lost a spool of red thread. Then she could not find a small pair of scissors or her thimble. Two spoons were missing from the kitchen.

Even Father lost something. One sunny afternoon he sat on the front porch reading his newspaper. Mother called him to the telephone.

He laid his glasses and paper on the table and went into the house. When he came back, he could not find his glasses anywhere. He looked and looked for them. Tom and Betty helped him



look. But Father's glasses were not to be found anywhere.

"I am sure I left them here on the porch with my paper," said Father.

One day when Mother was sitting out in the yard sewing, Blackie flew down and sat on the back of her chair. Soon she felt a peck on her head. She turned

to look. Blackie was flying away to the barn with one of her hairpins.

In a few minutes he came back. Mother sat very still. Peck! Another hairpin was gone.

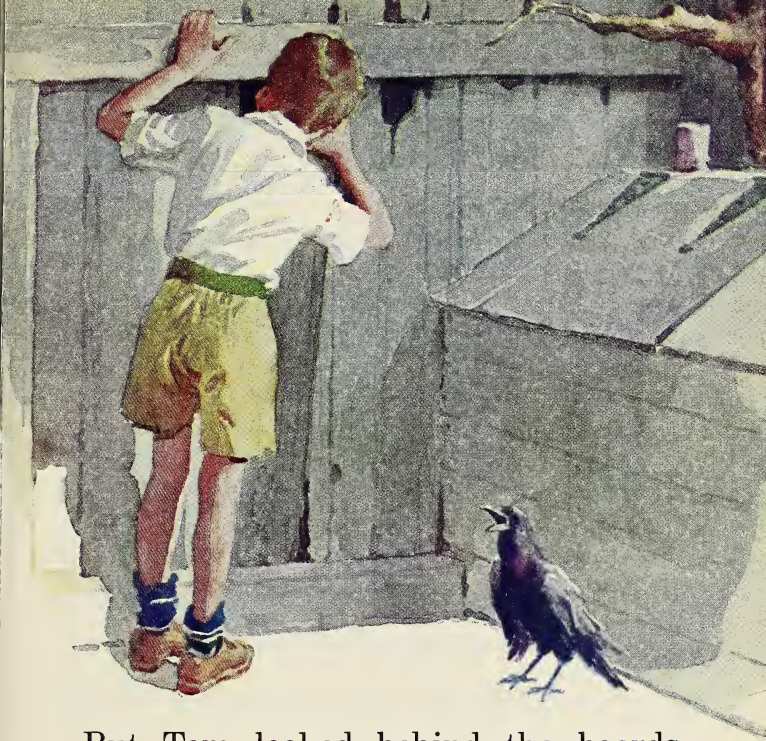
Mother thought Blackie was so funny that she let him alone. In a short time he had taken all the hairpins from her hair.

Mother thought it was a good joke and told Father and the children about it when they came home for dinner.

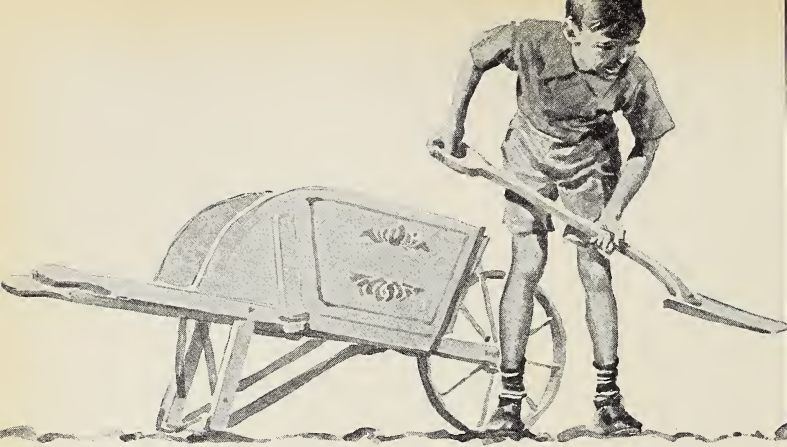
Soon after this happened Tom was playing in the barn. He saw something shiny between the cracks of some boards near Blackie's perch and started to see what it was.

"Caw, caw, caw!" scolded Blackie.

He flapped his black wings near Tom's face. He did not want Tom to look behind those boards.



But Tom looked behind the boards anyway. The shiny thing he had seen was Mother's small scissors. There were her thimble, her hairpins, the spool of red thread, and the spoons from the kitchen too. And there lay Father's glasses ! Naughty Blackie had put them all in his hiding place behind the boards.



One day Father told Betty and Tom that he would take them fishing. The children went to dig worms.

Tom took the spade. Betty took a can to put the worms in. Of course Blackie went with them.

Tom pushed the spade into the soft ground. Up came the spade, full of dirt.

"There is one!" cried Betty. But just as she reached down to grab the worm, Blackie ran over and gobbled it up. Then he waited to grab the next worm that Tom dug.



Tom scolded Blackie. "Get away, Blackie, you naughty bird!" he said. But Blackie would not get away.

He ruffled up his feathers and scolded right back at Tom. Blackie always acted this way when he was scolded. Sometimes he squawked and scolded for a long time.

"We shall never get any worms with Blackie here," said Tom.

Tom looked around and saw a big basket by the gate. "I know what I shall do with you, Mr. Blackie," he said.

Tom put Blackie under the big basket while he and Betty dug their can of worms. How Blackie scolded until he was let out !

BLACKIE TRIES TO HELP

Blackie was not always naughty. Sometimes he helped the family. He picked worms off the trees and ate bugs in the garden. He caught mice in the barn.

One day he caught a mouse right by the back door of the house and flew up in the tree to eat it. When Betty and Tom came near him, he scolded and scolded.

"He is afraid we'll take his mouse," said Betty.

Sometimes Blackie tried to help in other ways too. Once when the children were digging dandelions in the yard,

Blackie flew down and watched them work. Suddenly he began to peck at the root of a dandelion. When he got it loose, he flew to the basket and dropped it in. How Betty and Tom laughed at him!

Blackie worked with Betty and Tom for half an hour. Once he pulled so hard on a dandelion root that he fell backward. After that he flew away.

"My," said Mother from the door, "I didn't know that a crow could dig weeds!"

BLACKIE COMES HOME

The day before school started, Father called Tom and Betty to the barn. Blackie was walking around, picking up corn that lay on the floor.

"You must take Blackie back to the woods this afternoon, children," said

Father. "You see how well he can feed himself now. There is no reason why you should keep him any longer."

"Oh, no, Father!" cried Tom. "We want to keep Blackie for our pet. And he wants to stay with us, too. I know he does!"

Father shook his head. "A wild bird must be free. It is not right to keep Blackie. He must live with other crows."

That afternoon Tom and Betty took Blackie to the woods. They took turns carrying him in their arms. At last they came to the place where they had found him. Tom put him on the very bush where they had first seen him.

"Good-by, Blackie," the children said softly.

"Caw, caw, caw!" answered Blackie. Then he flew up into the trees and was gone.



Two very sad children went back to the house.

When the children reached home, Father was sitting on the porch. Just then they heard the whir of wings. Something black flew out of the maple tree and lit on Tom's shoulder.

"Oh, Father!" cried Tom. "Blackie beat us home."

"Why, so he did!" said Father. "It looks as if Blackie wants to live here with us, doesn't it?"

"Please, Father, may he stay?" begged Betty. "Oh, please!"

"Well," said Father, "if Blackie wants to stay, he may."

"Hurrah," cried Betty.

"Hurrah," cried Tom.

"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed Blackie.

Marguerite E. Flick

Find a Picture That Shows

1. Tom and Betty took a walk in the woods.

2. Blackie did not want Tom to find his hiding place.

3. The baby crow raised itself on a branch, flapped its wings, and gave a loud squawk.

4. The little crow held on tightly to the back of a chair near the table.

5. Blackie ran and gobbled the worm that Tom dug.

6. Blackie flew out of the maple tree and lit on Tom's shoulder.

7. Blackie pulled a hairpin out of Mother's hair.

8. Tom held out the little crow for Father to see.

9. Tom and Betty fed the hungry little bird.

10. When Tom and Betty peeped in the barn, Blackie was fast asleep.

11. Blackie grabbed Betty's doll from her hand.



Helping at Home

WHEN PEOPLE COME TO OUR HOUSE

When the doorbell rings at our house, I go quickly to open the door. Before I open the door I always wonder who is ringing the bell.

Once it was the lady who lives next door. Once it was the postman with a letter for Father. Once it was the doctor. Once it was a little girl who brought a package for Mother. Once it was a man who had some books to sell. Once it was a friend of mine who had come to play.

When I open the door I say, "How do you do?"

If it is someone to see Mother, I say, "Won't you come in?" Then I find a chair for the caller and say: "Please take this chair. I will call Mother."

WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS

I often answer the telephone at our house. This helps Father and Mother very much. When the telephone rings, I answer it quickly. I say, "Hello."

If someone wants to talk to Mother, I say, "I will call her." Then I tell Mother that someone wants to speak to her on the telephone.

If someone wants to talk to Father, I say, "I will call him." Then I call Father to the telephone.

Sometimes Mother is not at home when she is wanted on the telephone. Then I say: "Mother is not at home. May I take a message?"



When someone gives me a message, I try to remember just what is told to me. I give the message to Mother as soon as she comes home.

If someone leaves a number for Mother or Father to call, I write it neatly on a piece of paper. Then I put the paper where Mother or Father will be sure to see it.

Dear Mother,

Please call

Mrs. Lane as soon as

You come home.

River 6042.

Mary

Giving Plays

Do you like to give plays? "Helping at Home" is a good story to make into plays.

Choose a person to take each part in a play called "When People Come to Our House." There should be someone to be

the lady next door,
the postman,
the doctor,
the little girl,
the man with books,
the friend that came to play, and
the person who goes to the door.

When you play the story, make your people seem as real as you can.

Can you also give a play to show what you should do when the telephone rings?



The Big Blizzard

TELL US A STORY

One cold, snowy evening all the family were in the living room. Mother was busy sewing. Father and Jack were reading. Tom and Betty were popping corn over the fire in the fireplace.

It did not take long for Tom and Betty to pop enough corn for everyone. They put some butter and salt on it and passed it around.



"Popcorn tastes good on a cold night like this," said Betty. "Listen to the wind. I am glad that we are not going anywhere tonight."

"Yes, and I'm glad that the horses and cows are safe in the barn with plenty of good hay to eat," said Tom. "This snowstorm is going to be a real blizzard. There will be some big snowdrifts in the morning."



"Maybe some of the children can't get to school tomorrow," said Betty. "I know that we can go because we live just across the road. It will be fun to wade through the snowdrifts."

"Father, please tell us the story about the big blizzard again," said Tom, "the one that came when you were a boy."



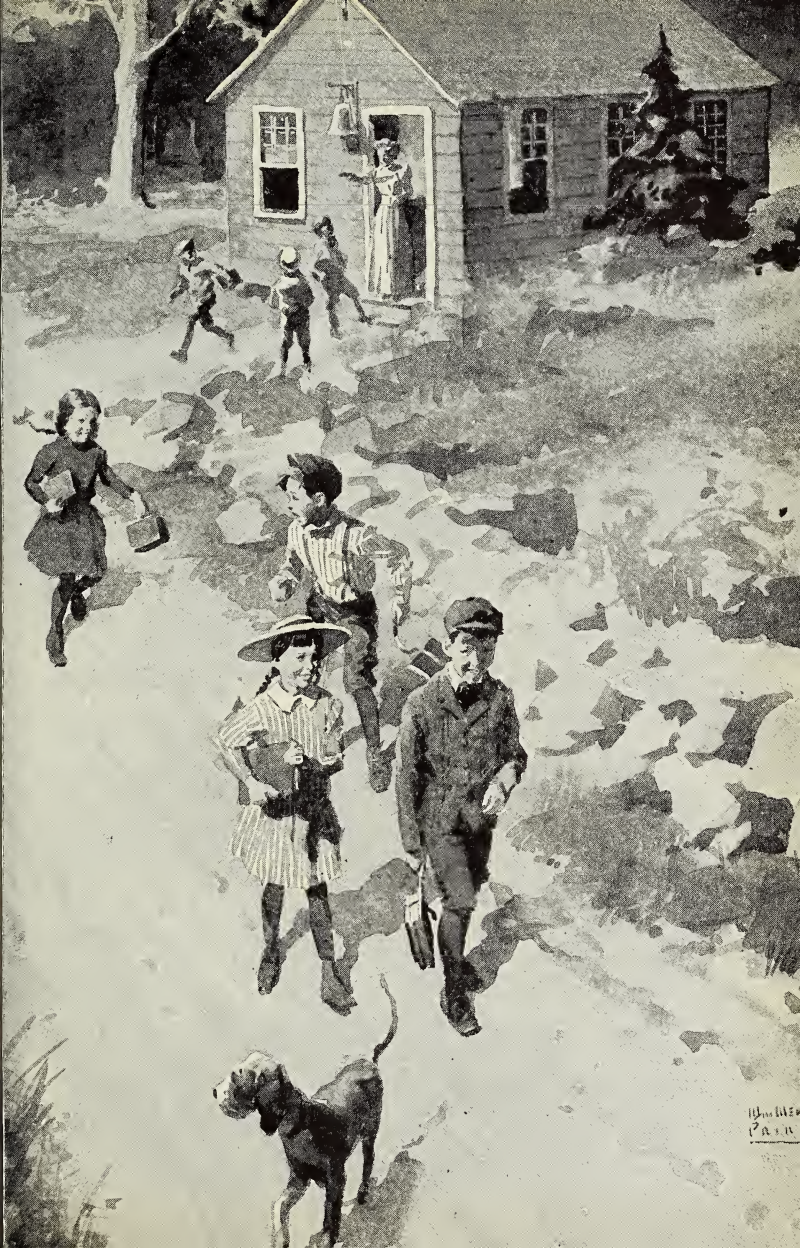
WHEN FATHER WAS A BOY

Father had already laid down his paper. He was looking at the fire. Tom and Betty waited for Father to begin. They always liked to hear the story of the big blizzard.

"I was just thinking about that big blizzard," Father said. "It was a long time ago, when I was about as big as Tom. We lived in this very house. Our school stood right across the road where yours does now."

"Was it the same schoolhouse that we go to?" asked Betty.

"No, the old schoolhouse was torn down when the new one was built. Our school had only one small room.



Wm. W. P. A. N.



“It was heated by a stove that stood in the center of the floor. We burned wood in the stove, and on cold days the stove would get red-hot in places. But even then it did not keep the room warm.

“The old schoolhouse was not built very well, and cold air came in around the doors and windows and up through the cracks in the floor.

“Children near the stove were always too hot, and children away from the stove were always too cold. The floor was never warm on cold days.



“There were fifteen children in our school the year of the big blizzard. Some of them walked more than two miles to school. They crossed the fields or walked on the dirt roads. Of course the roads were not paved then.

“We had had some deep snows that winter. Some of the snowdrifts were higher than the fences, and there were no snowplows then to take the snow off the roads.

“When it was snowing or very cold, all the little children who lived a long

way from school had to stay at home. The big children came and had lots of fun. They liked to wade in the deep snowdrifts on the way to school.

“ When they got to school, they would be cold and covered with snow, but they thought it was fun. They just brushed the snow off with an old broom. Then they went into the schoolhouse and stood by the stove to get warm.

“ At recess, when the snow was melting a little, we played outside. We made snowmen, built snowhouses, and threw snowballs. We always brought our sleds to school, too, and had some fine times coasting.”





FATHER'S STORY OF THE BLIZZARD

The morning of the big blizzard was warm, but the sky was cloudy. Most of the snow that had fallen the week before had melted, and all the children came to school that day. Miss Green, our teacher, was pleased. It was the first time for many days that all the children had been to school.

About ten o'clock one of the little boys called, "Oh, look, Miss Green, it's snowing again!" All the children looked out of the windows. They liked to watch the snow fall.

When we went out for morning recess, it was snowing hard. The wind was blowing and it was cold, so we hurried back into the schoolhouse. By noon it was snowing even harder. The wind was very cold. The snow was blowing in around the windows and the door.



We ate our lunches from our lunch pails and looked out of the windows. No one wanted to go out to play. We were cold even in the schoolhouse unless we were right by the stove.

After lunch the big boys went out to bring in more wood for the fire. When they came back into the schoolhouse, one of them said : " This is a bad storm. Do you think we should start home now,

Miss Green, before the storm gets any worse? It will be hard to get home if we wait until four o'clock."

Miss Green went out to look at the storm. The wind was whirling the snow in every direction. She could see only a little way. She could not see even our house across the road.

When she came back into the room she said: "You should not go home alone. You might get lost in the storm. I think your fathers will come for you."



It was hard to work that afternoon. The children whose seats were away from the stove came up to sit by it. Then their faces got hot, but their feet and backs stayed cold. Miss Green had all the children put on their overshoes.

Before long it was too dark in the room to read. The windows were covered with snow and ice.



"Shall I light the lamps, Miss Green?" asked one of the big girls.

"No," answered Miss Green, "there is not very much oil, and we may need the lamps more before we go home."

Miss Green went to the door again and again. She hoped our fathers would come after us.

My brother and I wanted to go home, but Miss Green said: "No, it is not safe even to cross the road. You might get lost in the storm."

GETTING TO GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

The afternoon seemed very long to us, but it really wasn't. About three o'clock someone came to the door. It was your grandfather. He was covered with snow, and the wind blew the loose snow into the room when he came in. But how glad we were to see him!





Grandfather shook the snow off his coat and said: "I am glad that all the children are here. I knew that you would not let them start home, Miss Green. It is snowing so hard that you can't see across the road.

"Some of your fathers tried to come for you, but their horses could not get through the heavy snowdrifts. They telephoned me to come and get you.

Put on your wraps. You will have to stay at my house tonight."

All the children began to talk at once. "Oh, what fun!" "Are we really going to stay all night?" "What will you do with all of us?" "Where shall we sleep?" "Will Miss Green go, too?" "You are going to have a big family tonight."

Grandfather had a long rope tied around his arm. The other end of the rope was tied to a tree in front of our house across the road. He had done this so that he could find the way back to the house.

When we were all ready to go out into the storm, Grandfather and Miss Green carried the two smallest children. "All take hold of hands," said Grandfather, "and keep close to me." Then we started for home.



Oh, how cold it was ! The snow stung our faces. The wind almost took our breath. It seemed a long way to our house.

When we got close to the house, we could see the lights in the windows. It was so dark that your grandmother had lighted the lamps, although it was not yet four o'clock. How good the lights looked shining out to us !



At last we were on the inside. Fifteen children in this very room! You can imagine how full it was. Grandfather had built a big fire in the fireplace. It looked good to everyone.

JUST LIKE A PARTY

"Tell us what you had for supper, Father," said Tom. "I bet Grandmother had to cook lots of food."



“ You are right,” said Father. “ But we had plenty to eat in the house. Miss Green and the big girls helped your grandmother get supper. We had ham and eggs, baked potatoes, corn bread and butter, apple jelly, cookies, and canned peaches. There was plenty of milk for everyone.

“ The big boys went with Grandfather to the barn to feed the horses and pigs and to milk the cows and feed them.

Before they went to the barn, Grandfather tied one end of a long rope to a tree next to the house. He took the other end of the rope to the barn so that he and the big boys could find their way back to the house.

"Soon after supper the little children got sleepy. Grandmother and Miss Green took them upstairs and put them to bed.

"The big children stayed downstairs. They told stories, sang, and played games. Then they popped corn and made popcorn balls. It was just like a party."

"When did the big children go to bed?" asked Betty. "Where did they all sleep?"

"They went to bed at nine. There were not enough beds for everyone, but there were plenty of covers. Grandmother, Miss Green, and the girls slept in the downstairs bedroom.

"The big boys slept on the floor in this room. Grandfather slept in a big chair. He put wood on the fire many times that night. .

"When we woke up the next morning, we all ran to the windows to look out. It had stopped snowing. There was a snowdrift as high as the top of the barn door. The snow between our house and the schoolhouse filled the road higher than the fence posts.



"The big boys helped Grandfather dig a path to the barn and to the wood-pile. Miss Green and the big girls helped Grandmother get breakfast.

"About noon the fathers came in bobsleds to take the children home. These men told us they had dug their way through many snowdrifts to get to our house.

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“ Soon the children put on their wraps and were ready to leave. They thanked your grandfather and grandmother for taking such good care of them. They said they had never had so much fun in their lives.

“ Then they all climbed into the bobsleds and wrapped up in blankets. They waved good-bye as the bobsleds went down the road.

“ Now, Betty and Tom, it is time for you to go to bed. And you will not have to sleep on the floor ! ”

“ Thank you for the story, Father,” said Betty. “ I like it best of all the stories you tell us, because it really happened.”

Mable E. Root

Find the Part of the Story That Tells

1. What kind of night it was when Father told the story.
2. What the schoolhouse was like when Father went to school.
3. How many children there were in the school.
4. What the children did at recess in the wintertime.
5. What the children did at school when the blizzard came.
6. What Grandfather told the children when he came to the schoolhouse.
7. How the children got to Grandfather's house.
8. How the big boys helped Grandfather with his work.
9. What the children had for supper.
10. What the big children did after supper.
11. How the children got to their own homes.

How to Take Care of Your Dog

Have you a dog ? Do you know how to take good care of him ?

Here are some things that you should know :

1. How to feed your dog.
2. How to give your dog water.
3. What to do when your dog is sick or hurt.
4. How to pick up your dog.
5. Where your dog should sleep.
6. What to do when your dog has fleas or lice.
7. How to keep your dog clean.
8. How to make your dog mind.

HOW TO FEED YOUR DOG

Your dog should not be too fat. Fat dogs are often lazy and get sick easily. Look at the dog in the picture. He is just fat enough.



Most dogs eat too much. A grown dog needs only two meals a day. A large dog needs more food for his meals than a small one. A dog may have meat once a day. For his other meal, he may be given a dog biscuit, a cooked vegetable, some toast and milk, or some cereal. He should have twice as much of other foods as he has of meat.

Dogs like milk, but buttermilk or sour milk is better for them than sweet milk.

Some people feed their dogs a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil with one of their meals each day.

Some scraps from the table make good dog food, and they do not cost anything. If there are some bits of fresh, green vegetables among the scraps, so much the better. White bread or potatoes or meat fat are not very good for a dog.

A dog likes to gnaw bones, and gnawing them helps his teeth. Do not feed your dog fishbones or chicken bones, for these bones may injure him.

The older a dog grows, the fatter he is likely to become. For this reason, an old dog should be fed less at each meal than a young one. If an old dog is fed too much, he becomes very fat and will not be healthy.

A puppy should be fed two or three times a day. He may be fed lean meat.



If he is very young, it is better to scrape the meat. Do not feed him fat meat. A puppy may also have vegetables or scraps from the table. Milk and cod-liver oil are good for puppies as well as for older dogs.

Feed your dog from a clean dish. Take away any food that he leaves after he has eaten. Never leave food where he

135 ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
E. N. S.
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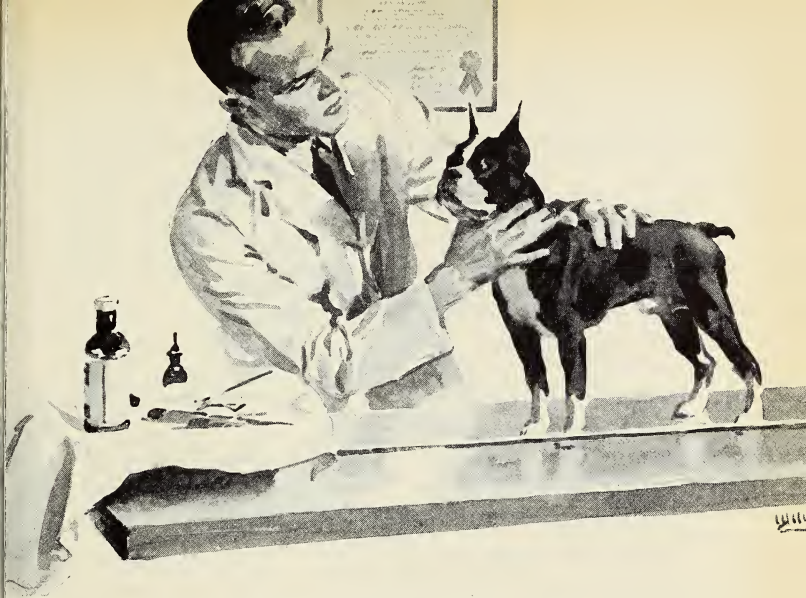
can come back to it. It is not good for a dog to eat between meals.

HOW TO GIVE YOUR DOG WATER

Your dog should have plenty of clean, cool water. It is a good thing to put a pan of water where he can get a drink whenever he is thirsty. If you do not give him clean, fresh water, he will drink dirty water in the street or in the yard.

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WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR DOG IS SICK OR HURT

Many dogs get sick because they eat too much or eat the wrong kind of food. Dogs catch diseases, too.

If your dog gets very sick, take him to a veterinarian at once. A veterinarian is a doctor who takes care of sick animals. If your dog is not very sick, let him alone so that he can rest until he is well again. Let him lie quietly whenever he wants

to. A sick dog does not want to eat, and he should not be fed. You should let him eat grass if he wants to, for that helps him when he is sick. Do not try to give him medicine yourself.

If your dog should get badly hurt, it is best to take him to a veterinarian. If he is hurt just a little, let him alone except to see that he always has a dish of fresh water near him. Do not try to make him eat if he does not want food.

HOW TO PICK UP YOUR DOG

You should know how to pick up your dog without hurting him. Put your left hand under his chest and your right hand over his tail and hind legs, or put both hands under him. Then lift him up. Do not lift him by his neck or his front legs. Never lift him by his tail.

WHERE YOUR DOG SHOULD SLEEP

The best place for your dog to sleep in summer is outdoors. The fresh air is good for him. He can sleep on the porch or on the grass under a tree. Of course, in a large city, he may have to sleep in the house.

In winter your dog should have a warm place to sleep. He should have a dry, clean bed. A clean piece of carpet makes a pretty good bed. The carpet



should be washed often. Perhaps the best bed is some clean straw or some newspapers. The straw or papers should be burned at least once a week. If the bed is not kept clean, fleas may get into it. Fleas get into a dog's hair.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR DOG HAS FLEAS OR LICE

If your dog scratches himself often, look in his hair. He may have fleas or he may have lice. Sometimes a dog has both fleas and lice.

If your dog has fleas or lice, you should wash him with flea soap. When his hair is dry, dust it well with flea powder that will kill the fleas. You can get flea soap and flea powder at a drugstore. Then burn up the straw or carpet or newspapers that he has had for a bed and give him a clean bed.

If there are red, sore spots where your dog scratches, take him to a veterinarian. He may have some disease.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR DOG CLEAN

Your dog should be kept clean. It is good for him to have his hair brushed. This will keep him clean for a long time, and it makes his coat healthy. If he gets very dirty and the brushing will no longer make him clean, then wash him.

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Use soap and soft, warm water to wash your dog. Never use hot water. Pet your dog before you begin to wash him. Wash his head first. Rinse him well. Be careful not to get water in his ears or soap in his eyes.

You must be very careful in winter or your dog will catch cold after his bath. Many dogs die from colds caught in this way. Dry him well. In cold weather, keep him in the house for three or four hours after his bath.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR DOG MIND

It is your fault if your dog has bad habits. You must show him what you wish him to do. Pet him when he begins to learn what you want him to do. Better yet, give him a small bit of food as a reward. This makes him try harder to please you.



When your dog does something wrong, do not strike him on the head or kick him. NEVER hit your dog on the ears, for it may make him deaf. A switch or a rolled-up newspaper that will not hurt him is the best thing to use for whipping him when he has done something wrong.

Be sure that your dog knows just why he is being punished. Punish him at once after he has done wrong, saying "No, no, no!" while you punish him. Later you need only to say "No!" and he will stop doing wrong.

Do not shout at your dog. Talk to him in a quiet voice. He can tell when he has done wrong by the way you speak. Your dog wants to please you, and he will try hard if he knows what you want him to do.

Can You Find?

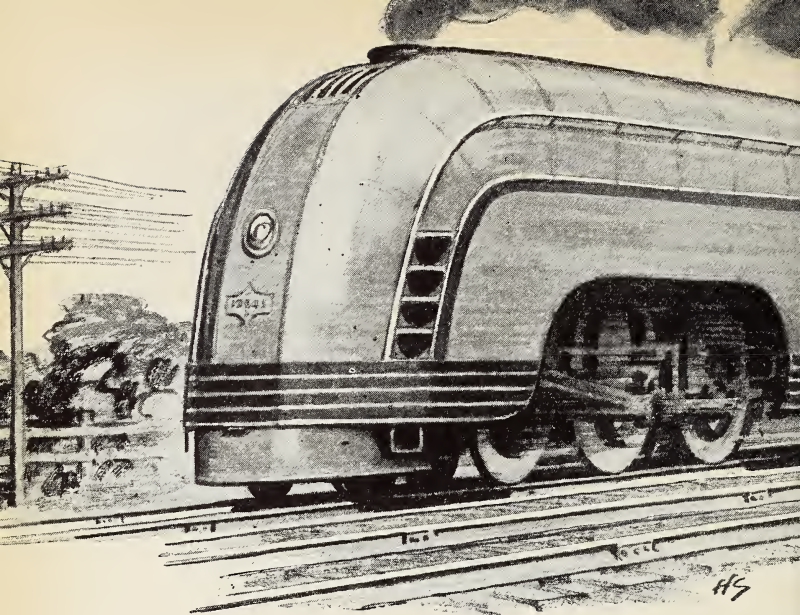
Find the part of the lesson that tells

1. How often a dog should eat.
2. What a dog should eat.
3. What to feed a puppy.
4. Why your dog should have clean, fresh water.
5. What to do when your dog gets sick.
6. How to pick up a dog.
7. Where a dog should sleep.
8. How to tell when your dog has fleas.
9. How to wash your dog.
10. How to make your dog mind.

What Animals Do You Know?

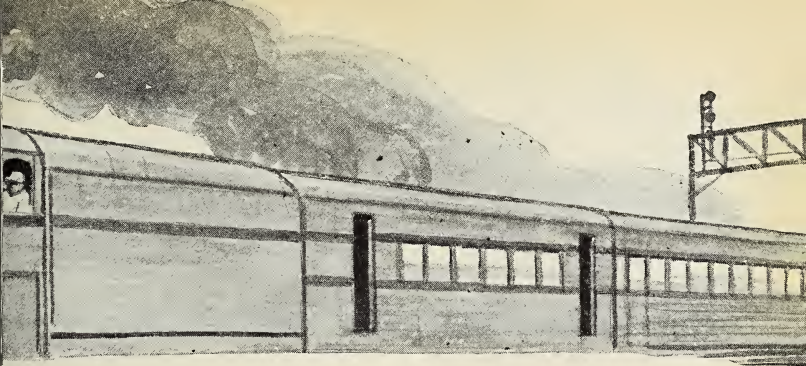
Name one animal to answer each of these questions. Perhaps you can give more than one answer to some of them.

1. What animal has a trunk ?
2. What animal has horns ?
3. What animal has a bushy tail ?
4. What animal has a curly tail ?
5. What animal has pink eyes ?
6. What animal has a long neck ?
7. What animal gives us milk ?
8. What animal gives us wool ?
9. What animal pulls wagons ?
10. What animal barks ?
11. What animal has hoofs ?
12. What animal purrs ?
13. What animal has a hump on its back ?
14. What animal takes a long sleep during the winter ?
15. What animal swings by its tail ?



Why an Engine Whistles

Did you know that the engine of a train can talk? When it has something to say, it whistles. Men on the trains and men at railroad stations can tell what it is saying. After reading this lesson, you should be able to understand what the train is saying when you hear it whistle.



The engine always gives one long whistle when it comes into a station.

“ Whooooooooooooooooooooo ! ” it goes.

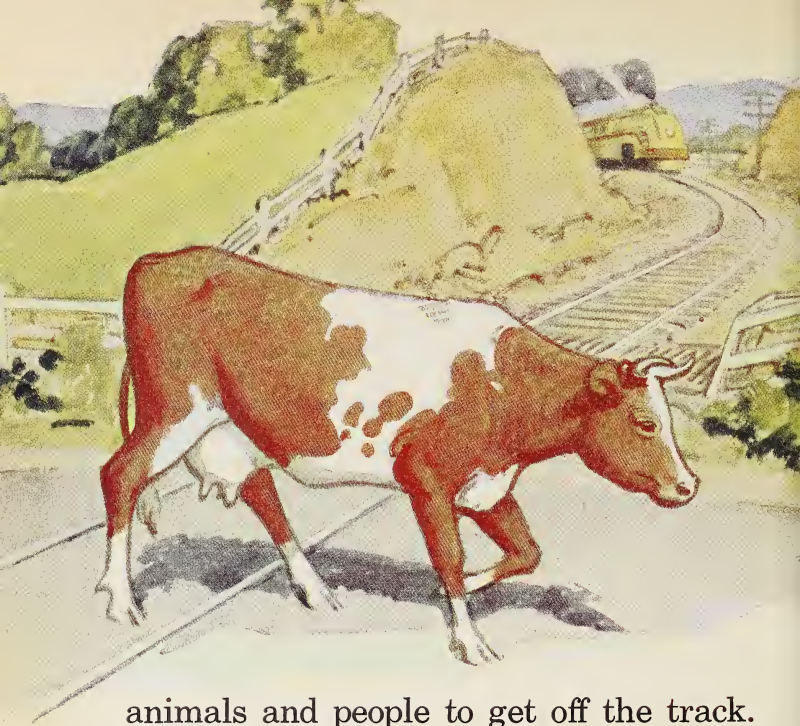
This whistle tells people at the station that the train is coming. They can be ready to get on when it stops.

When the train is ready to start again, it gives two short whistles.

“ Whoo ! Whoo ! ” it goes.

This whistle tells that the train is about to start. Everybody must get on the train at once, or someone may be left behind.

As the train hurries across the country, the engine often whistles to tell



animals and people to get off the track. It gives many short whistles until the track is clear.

“ Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!” it goes.

It keeps on whistling until the people or animals get off the track.

When the train has to back up, the engine gives three short whistles.

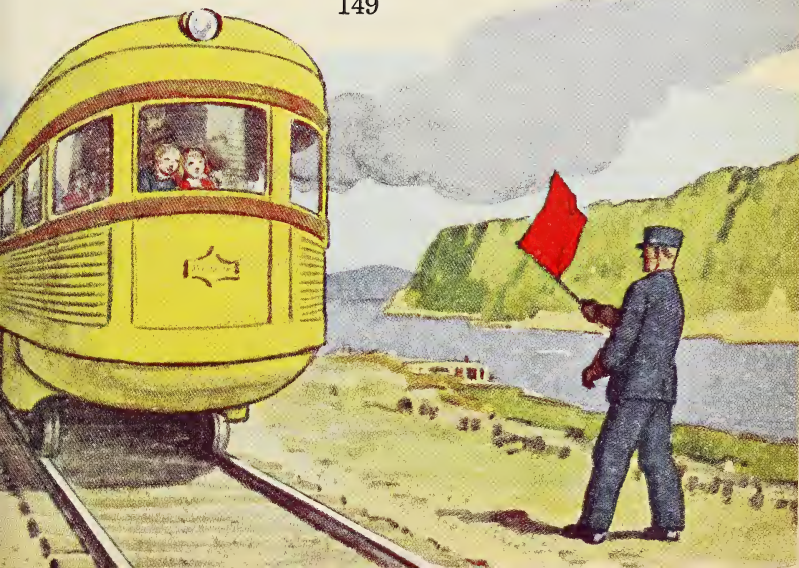
“ Whoo ! Whoo ! Whoo ! ” it goes.

This whistle tells people not to get behind the train. It also tells cars at crossings not to try to cross the railroad track behind the train.

In some places, roads cross the railroad tracks. These places are called railroad crossings.

When a train is coming to a railroad crossing, it gives two long whistles, one short whistle, and then a very long whistle.

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“Whoooooooooooo ! Whoooooooooooo ! Whoo ! Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo !” it goes.

It tells people on the road not to cross the railroad track in front of the train.

Years ago, an engine gave two long whistles and two short whistles when it came to a railroad crossing.

“Whoooooooooooo ! Whoooooooooooo ! Whoo ! Whoo !” it went.

The engines on some railroads still give this whistle at railroad crossings.

Do You Know What the Engine Is Telling

1. When it goes, "Whoo! Whoo!
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"?

2. When it goes, "Whooooooooo!
Whooooooooo! Whoo!
Whoooooooooooooooooooo!"?

3. When it goes, "Whoo! Whoo!"?

4. When it goes,
"Whoooooooooooooooooooo!"?

5. When it goes, "Whoo! Whoo!
Whoo!"?

Show How an Engine Whistles

1. When someone is on the track.

2. When it is coming to a railroad
crossing.

3. When it is ready to start.

4. When it is coming to a station.

5. When it is going to back up.



The Freight Train

AN EXCITING VISIT

Carl's father worked on the railroad. He was a conductor on a freight train. Some days he did not have to work.

One night at supper Carl said :
" Father, there is no school tomorrow, and it is your day off. Will you take me to see a freight train ? "

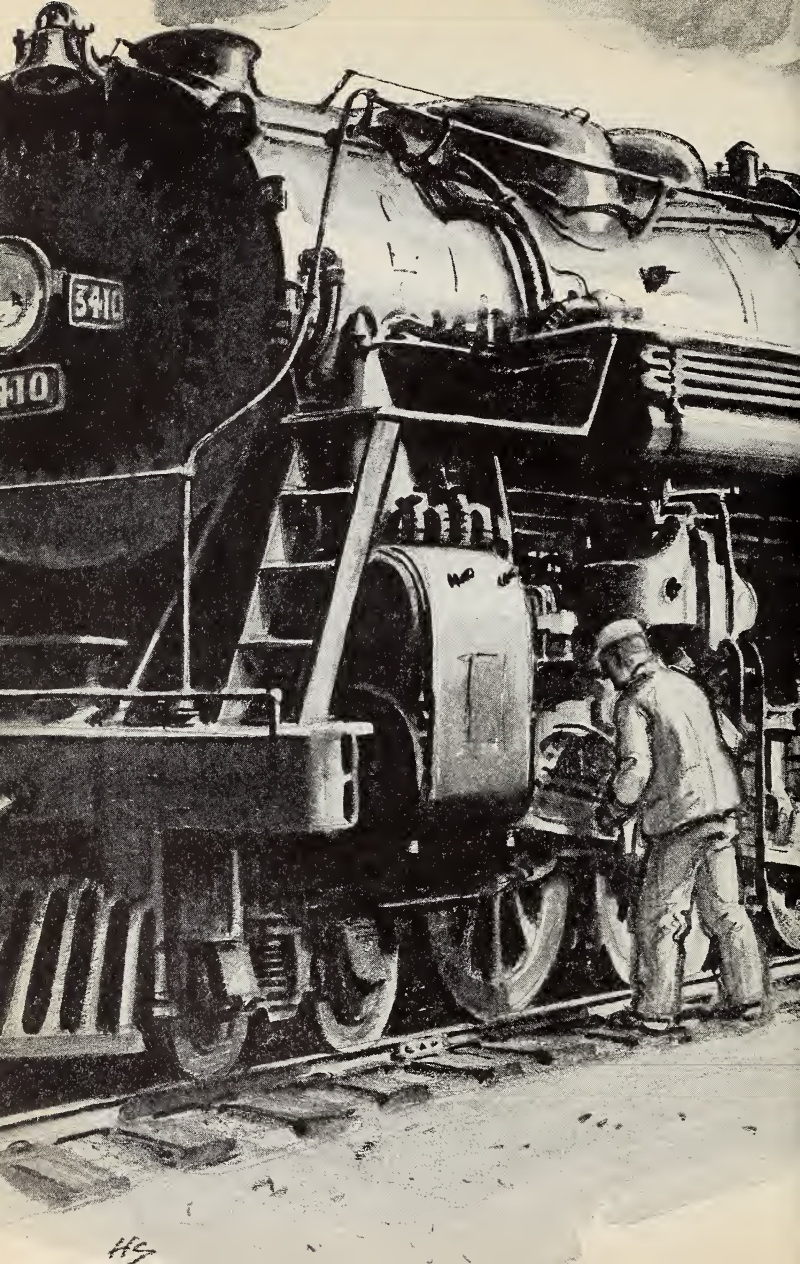
“ Well,” said Father, “ if you will be very, very careful, you may go with me in the morning.”

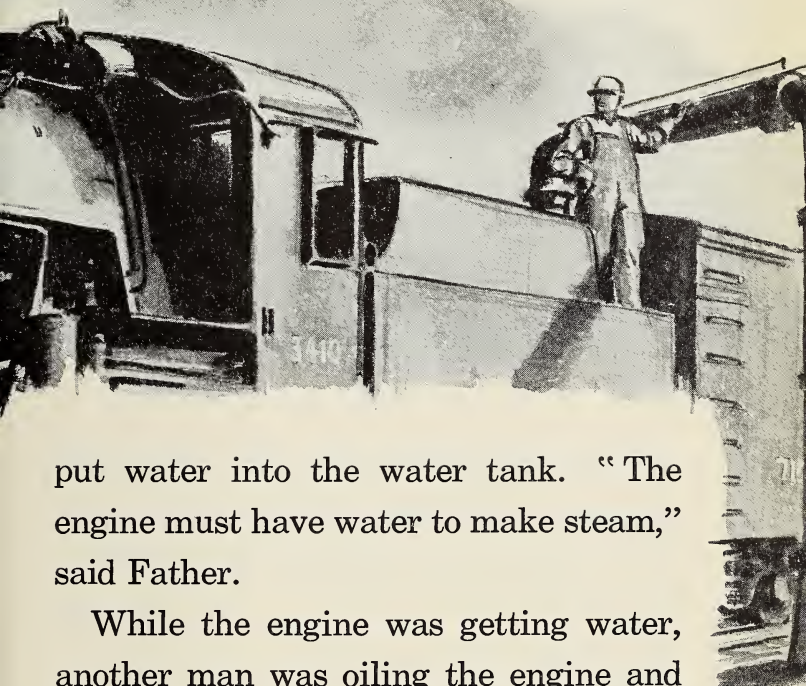
Carl was up early the next morning. He asked so many questions at breakfast that his father laughed and said : “ Wait until we get to the station. Then you can answer most of these questions for yourself.”

Carl could hardly wait to start. When they got to the station, no train was there. But soon Carl heard a long whistle, “ Whoooooooooooooooooooo.” A train was coming. Carl hoped it was a freight train.

Carl watched the big engine coming down the track. It was pulling a freight train. What a noise it made as it came near the station !

It came slower and slower, until it stopped to get water. Carl saw the men



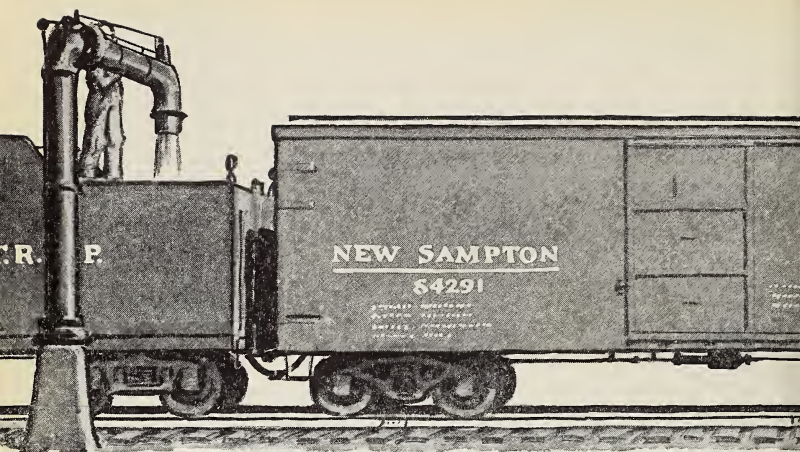


put water into the water tank. "The engine must have water to make steam," said Father.

While the engine was getting water, another man was oiling the engine and looking it over so that it would be ready for the rest of the trip.

BOX CARS AND FLAT CARS

"Now I am ready to show you the cars," said Father. "Come along."

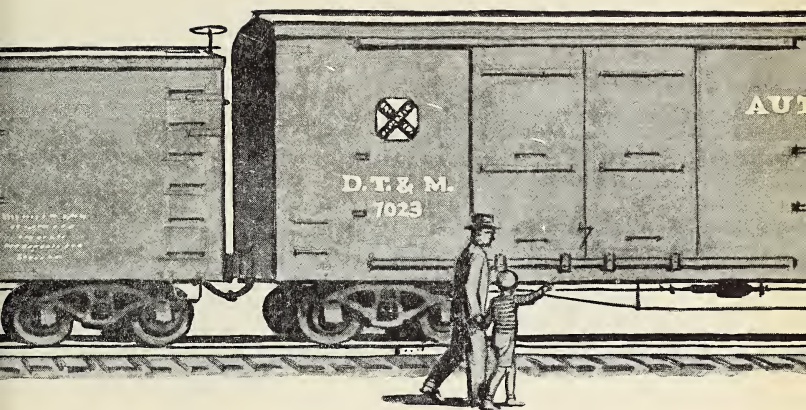


They walked over to the train and stopped at the side of the first car.

"I know what kind of car this is," said Carl. "It's a box car. It looks like a big box on wheels. What does this car have in it, Father?"

"I could not tell without opening the car," said Father.

"Box cars carry many different kinds of things. This one may have groceries or tools or toys or suits of clothes or



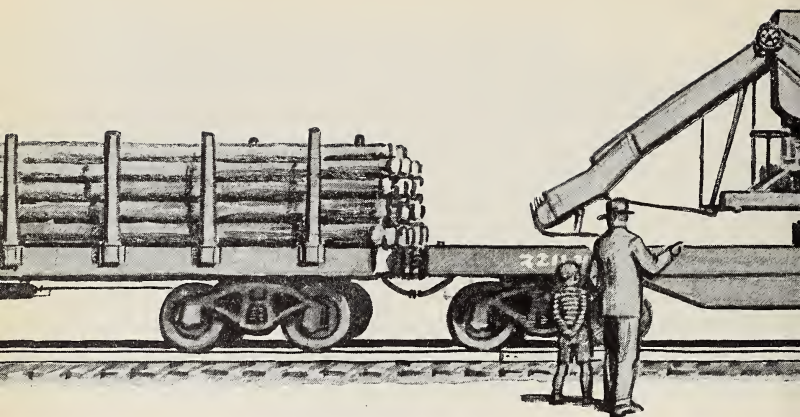
furniture. Box cars carry almost everything that is sold in stores."

Then Carl and Father came to a large box car.

"I know what is in this one," said Carl. "It has automobiles in it."

How did Carl know that the car had automobiles in it?

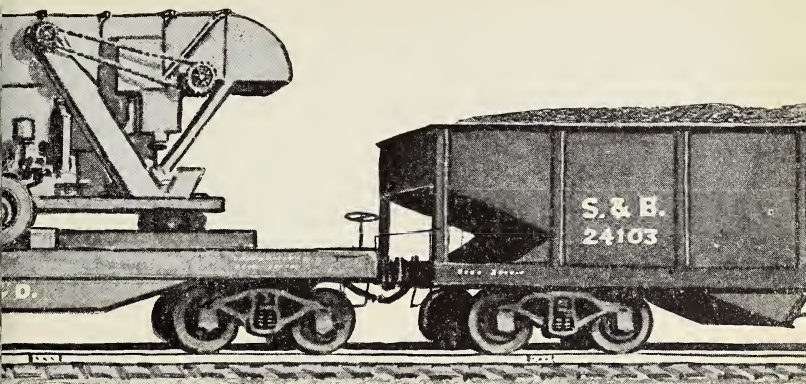
"I know what kind of cars these are, too," said Carl. "They are flat cars. They have no tops on them."



“You are right,” said Father. “They are used to carry things that the weather will not damage and that are too large to go into a box car.

“The poles on this car are telephone poles. You can see that these poles are too long to go into a box car.

“This next car is carrying threshing machines. Most of the large machines that are used on farms are sent on flat cars.”

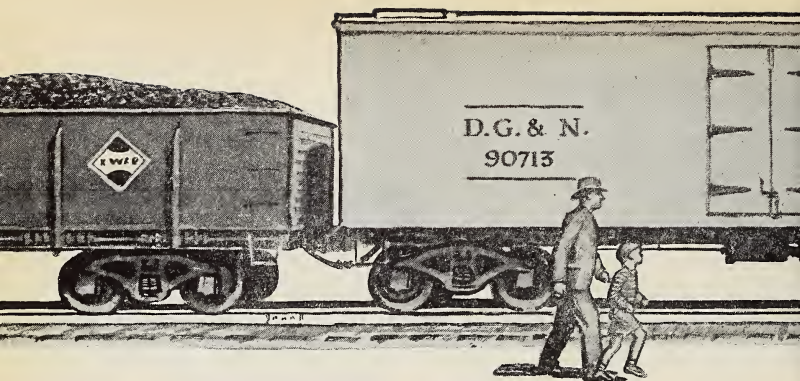


Father showed Carl how the machines were kept from rolling off the car. He explained that flat cars are used to carry many other kinds of things, such as rails for the railroad, and blocks of stone.

MANY KINDS OF CARS

The next two cars were full of coal. The sides of these cars were not very high, and the cars had no roofs on them.

Father showed Carl the doors at the bottom of the first car that could be



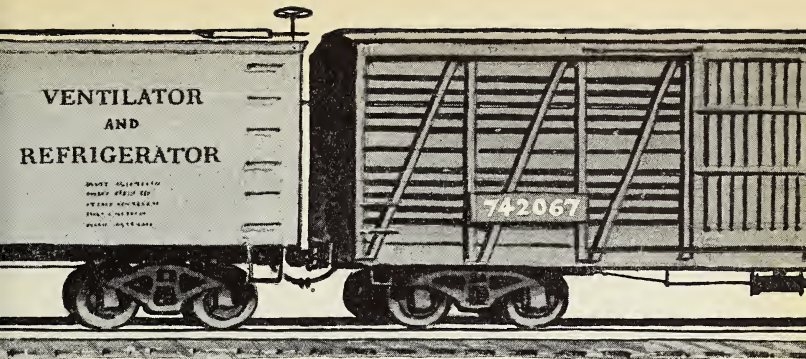
opened to let out the coal when it was time to unload.

He said that the sides of the second car were let down to unload it.

Carl knew what the next car was because he read the name on the side of the car.

"A refrigerator car is just like a big icebox on wheels," said Father. "In summer ice is put into the car to keep fruit, meats, and vegetables fresh.

"In cold weather it has a heater in it to keep things from freezing."

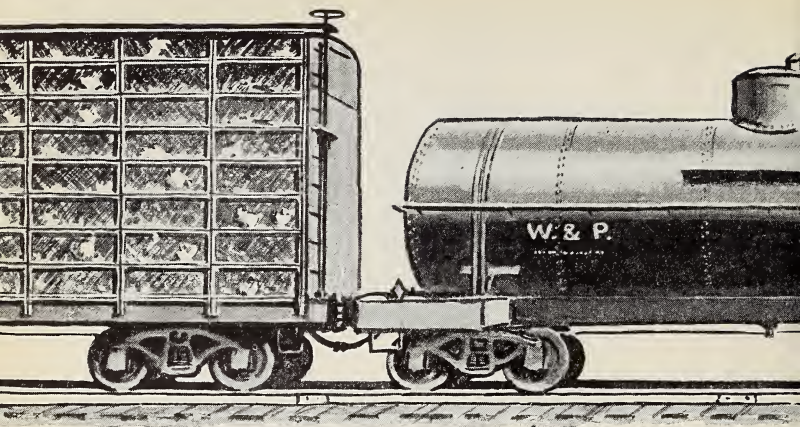


“Look at the cattle, Father,” said Carl, as he came to the next car.

“That is a stock car,” said Father. “Horses, cows, and other animals are called stock, and they ride in stock cars. The open spaces in the sides give the animals plenty of air.”

Carl counted the cattle. “This car has twenty in it,” he said, “and it seems to be about full.”

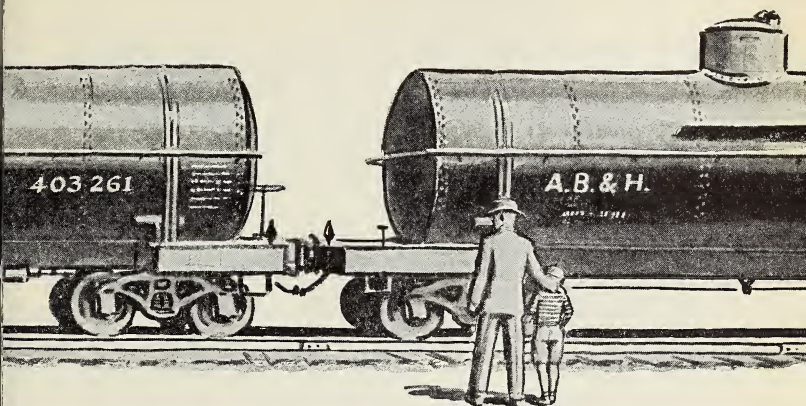
Father and Carl went on to the next car.



“Father, I could tell what this car has in it with my eyes shut,” said Carl. “I can hear the chickens.”

The sides of this car were covered with wire netting. Carl counted eight floors — one on top of the other. Each floor was filled with chickens.

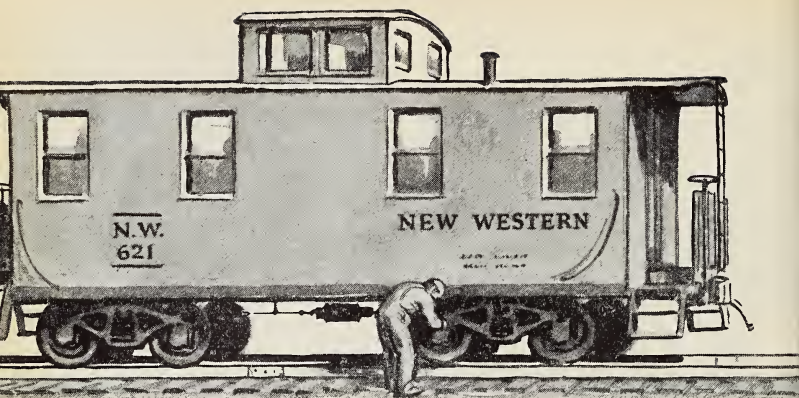
While Carl and Father were looking at them, a man went into the car. He fed the chickens and gave them some water.



The next two cars were tank cars. They were just alike. One of them was full of gasoline, the other full of oil. There was a paper tag on each car to show what it had in it.

Father explained that cars very much like these are sometimes used to carry molasses.

“Yum, yum!” said Carl. “What a lot of molasses a tank car would hold!”



THE END OF THE VISIT

At last Father and Carl came to the end of the train. There was the caboose.

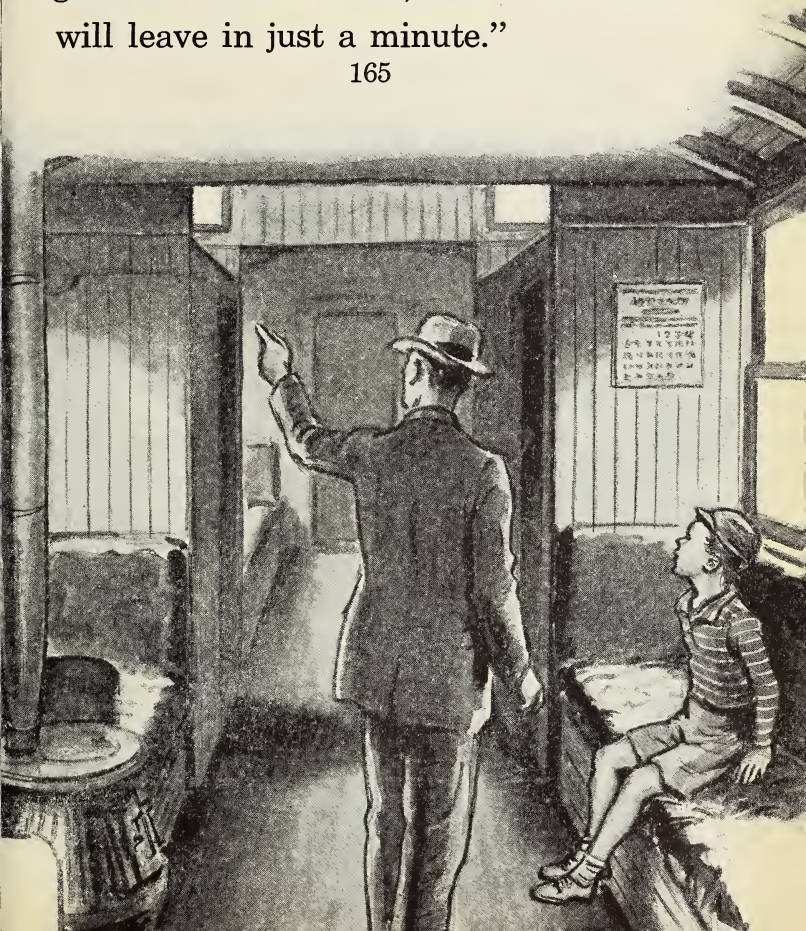
"Here is where the conductor and brakemen ride," said Father.

Father took Carl into the caboose. Carl saw two long seats, one on each side of the car. He sat on one and looked all around. Then he climbed up a ladder to a little room at the top of the car. There were windows on all sides. Father

told Carl that a brakeman sits in the little room on top of the caboose to watch the long train and to look for signals.

Father called to Carl: "It is time to get out of the caboose, Carl. The train will leave in just a minute."

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Carl quickly got off the caboose and started along the side of the train toward the engine.

"Will you go with me to the engine, Father?" asked Carl. "I want to see if I can name all the cars as they go by."

Father and Carl hurried down to the engine.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong!" The engineer pulled the bell cord to tell everybody that the train was ready to start.

"Hisssssss!" went the engine, so loudly that Carl had to cover his ears. The train began to move. "Whoo, whoo!" went the whistle of the engine. Round and round went the wheels, first slowly, then faster and faster.

"Let's see if I can name the cars," said Carl. "Box cars, automobile cars, flat cars, coal cars, refrigerator cars, stock cars, tank cars, and the caboose."

Carl named every car right.

“ Clickety-clack ! Clickety-clack ! ”
went the wheels on the rails. Faster and
faster went the train. Soon it was out
of sight

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Which Answer Is Right?

1. Box cars on a freight train carry
gasoline.
telephone poles.
groceries.
2. Automobiles travel in
box cars.
flat cars.
tank cars.
3. Threshing machines come in
refrigerator cars.
stock cars.
flat cars.
4. Furniture is brought to us in a
caboose.
tank car.
box car.
5. Refrigerator cars bring us
oranges.
furniture.
machines.

6. Gasoline is brought in
refrigerator cars.
tank cars.
stock cars.
7. A farmer sends cattle to market in
box cars.
caboose.
stock cars.
8. Tank cars carry
gasoline, oil, and molasses.
telephone poles and blocks of stone.
clothing, groceries, and tools.
9. Flat cars carry
fruit and vegetables.
telephone poles.
chickens.
10. Food that must be kept fresh comes in
box cars.
refrigerator cars.
flat cars.



Telling Time

"Jack!" called Mother, "it is time to get up. You must not be late."

Jack looked at the clock. "It is eight o'clock!" he said. "I must get up, because I have to be at school by nine."

Jack knew it was eight o'clock because the long hand was at twelve and the short hand was at eight.



The short hand is the hour hand. It tells the hours. The long hand is the minute hand. It tells the minutes and the parts of hours.

Jack got to school on time. When school began the long hand of the clock was at twelve. The short hand was at nine. It was nine o'clock.



It had been one hour since Jack got up. The long hand of the clock had gone all the way around the clock once. The short hand had gone from eight to nine.

The long hand on all clocks goes much faster than the short one. The long hand goes all the way around the clock in one hour. The short hand goes from one number to the next in one hour.



“Now is the time for recess,” said Jack. “It is half past ten.”

The long hand of the clock was at six. The short hand was halfway between ten and eleven.



When the long hand is at six, it is halfway around the clock. Then the time is half past the hour.

At noon the bell rang. It was time for lunch. Jack looked at the clock. It was twelve o'clock. The long hand and the short hand pointed to twelve.

Jack ran home to lunch.

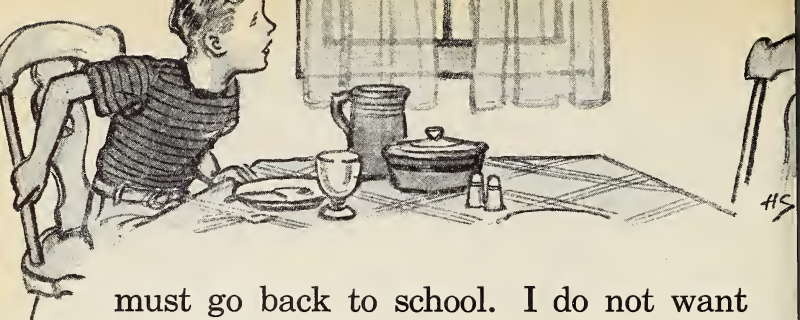


Jack was ready for lunch at a quarter after twelve. The long hand was at three. The short hand was one fourth of the way past twelve.

When the long hand is at three, it is a quarter after the hour.

“Um! Um! That was a fine lunch!” said Jack. “It is half past twelve. I





must go back to school. I do not want to be late." Then off he went.

"A quarter to one!" said Jack when he got back to school. The long hand was at nine. When the long hand is at nine, it has to go only a quarter of the way around the clock to the next hour.



"Ring-a-ling-ling! Ring-a-ling-ling!" went the school bell. It was one o'clock.



The long hand was at twelve, and the short hand was at one. Jack went to his room.

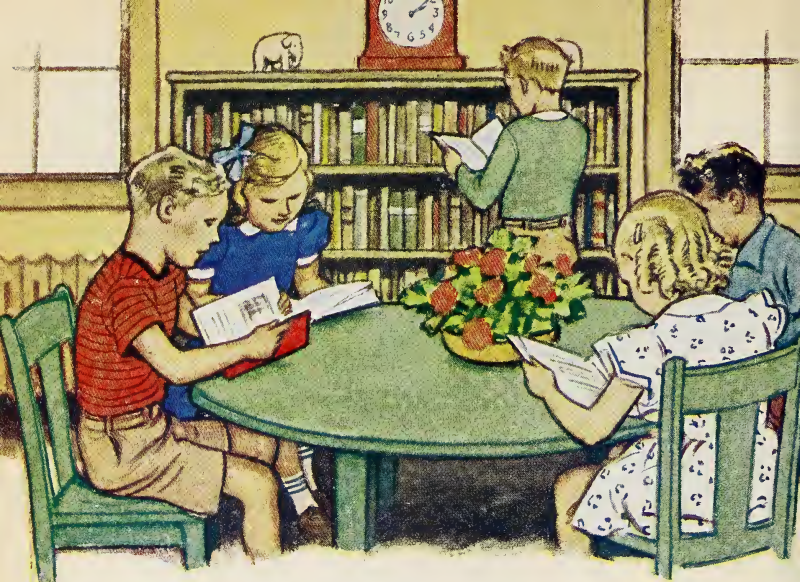
Before Jack knew it, it was two o'clock. The long hand was at twelve and the short hand at two. Jack wished the hands did not go so fast. Recess time came at a quarter after two, and he had just started to read a good book.



Five minutes passed. It was five minutes after two. The long hand had gone from twelve to one.



It takes five minutes for the long hand to go from one number to the next.



It was ten minutes after two. The long hand was at two. The short hand



was a little after two. It was almost time for recess.

Recess was over. It was half past two. The long hand was at six, and the short hand was halfway between two



and three. Jack was going to work on the Indian tepee that he and some other children were making.

“It will soon be time to go home,” said Jack. “It is a quarter to three. We must work fast.”



A quarter to three is the same as fifteen minutes to three.

“We have just ten more minutes to work,” said Jack. It was ten minutes to three.



"Five minutes to three," said Jack's teacher. "Everybody get ready to go home."

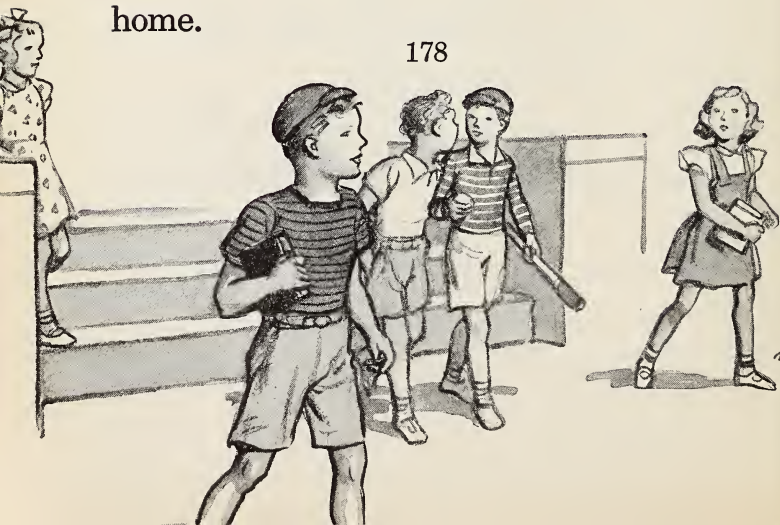


"Ring-a-ling! Ring-a-ling!" went the school bell.



It was three o'clock, and Jack went home.

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Which Clock Tells the Right Time?

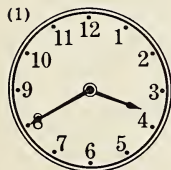
Half past five



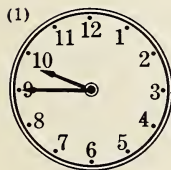
Twenty minutes after eleven



Twenty minutes to four



A quarter after nine



Twenty-five minutes after seven



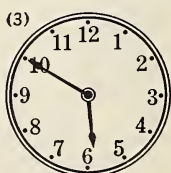
Twenty minutes to ten



Twenty minutes after six



Twenty minutes to six



Three Accidents That Really Happened

TWO CHILDREN ON ONE BICYCLE

Jane had just started to school when she saw Jerry coming down the street on his bicycle.

"Hello, Jane," called Jerry. "Do you want to ride to school with me?"

"Yes, that will be fun," said Jane.

It was easy for Jerry to take Jane on his bicycle. He was a big boy eleven years old, and Jane was a little girl, just seven years old.

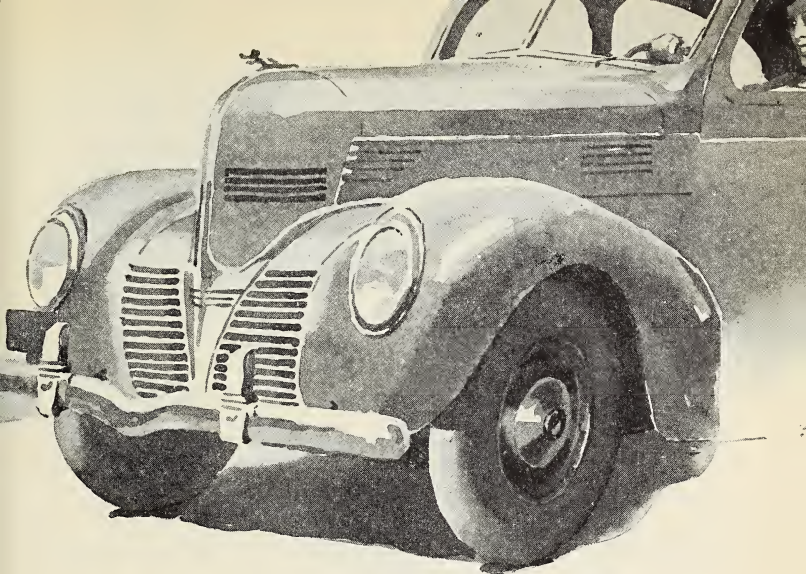
Jane got on Jerry's bicycle. She sat in front of him where she could see far down the street. No cars were coming.

Away went Jane and Jerry down the street. Jerry rode close to the curb. Soon he heard a car honk, but he could not see any car. That frightened him a



little bit, and he turned his bicycle away from the curb. He rode right into the front fender of a car that was coming from behind.

A woman was driving the car. She was not driving fast, but she could not stop her car soon enough to keep from hitting Jerry's bicycle. The car knocked the bicycle down, and Jane and Jerry fell on the hard pavement.



Who Was to Blame?

1. Should Jerry have asked Jane to ride with him ?

2. Should Jane have ridden on the bicycle with Jerry ?

3. Should the woman have honked her car horn at Jerry and Jane ?

4. Should the woman have been driving so close to Jerry's bicycle that she could not stop before hitting it ?

5. Was anyone to blame for this accident ?



THE CHASE

Bill and Don always played together on their way home from school. They liked to run races and to chase each other.

One day, Don grabbed Bill's cap and ran off with it as fast as he could go. Away Bill ran after him. Bill was right behind him when Don ran between two parked cars and into the street.

Don saw a car coming up the street. "I can get across before that car gets here," thought Don. "Bill will have to wait for it to pass. He cannot catch me now."

But Bill was watching only Don and did not see the car coming toward him. He ran out in front of it and was hit.

The driver of the car had seen Don run across the street, and he had slowed



down his car. He was watching Don so closely that at first he did not see Bill. When the driver did see Bill, it was too late to stop, and Bill was struck by the car.

Who Was to Blame?

1. Was Don to blame for this accident?

2. What should Don have done when he saw the car coming?

3. Could Bill have done anything to keep from being hurt?

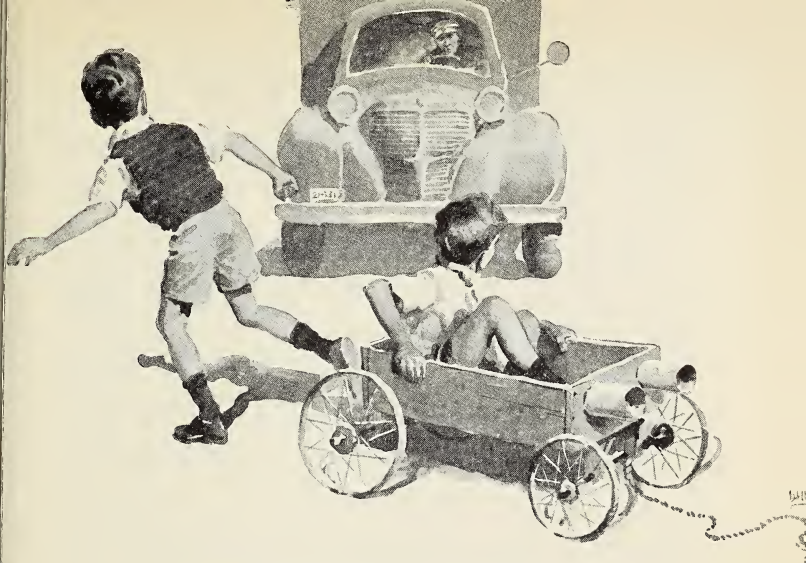
4. Should Don have grabbed Bill's cap?

5. What did the driver do when he saw Don?

6. Where should boys who want to run races play?

7. Should anyone ever run between parked cars and into the street?

8. What should everyone do before crossing a street?



TWO BOYS AND A WAGON

Roy and Sam always had fun together. Roy was eight years old and Sam was seven, but they were just the same size. They played together most of the time.

One day Roy and Sam were playing with a wagon that they had made themselves. They pulled it around with a rope.

They started across the street. Sam pulled the wagon, and Roy rode in it.

Both boys were thinking about the fun they were having with the little wagon they had made.

Then Sam saw a big truck come around the corner. He was so frightened that he dropped the rope and ran to the sidewalk as fast as he could go. Roy was left sitting in the wagon in the middle of the street. Roy looked up and saw the big truck coming toward him, but he did not have time to get out of its way.

The truck driver had seen the boys with the little wagon. He had thought they would get safely across the street. It was too late for him to stop after he saw Sam run away and leave Roy sitting in the wagon.

Bang! The big truck hit the little wagon. Roy landed on the pavement and was badly hurt.

Think about the Accident

1. Was the truck driver to blame for the accident ?

2. Could Roy have done anything to keep from being hurt ?

3. Should the boys' parents have told them not to play in the street ?

4. If the boys wanted to play across the street, how should they have gone there ?

5. Who was to blame for the accident ?

6. Was Sam more to blame for the accident than Roy ?

7. Why didn't Roy get out of the way of the truck ?

8. Is an accident of this kind more likely to happen when children are thinking about the fun they are having ?



The Airplane Trip

GETTING STARTED

Mother and Dorothy were at the city airport. They were going in a big airplane to see Grandmother.

Mother bought a ticket for Dorothy and one for herself. A man took their bags. Then Dorothy and her mother sat down to wait until their plane was ready.

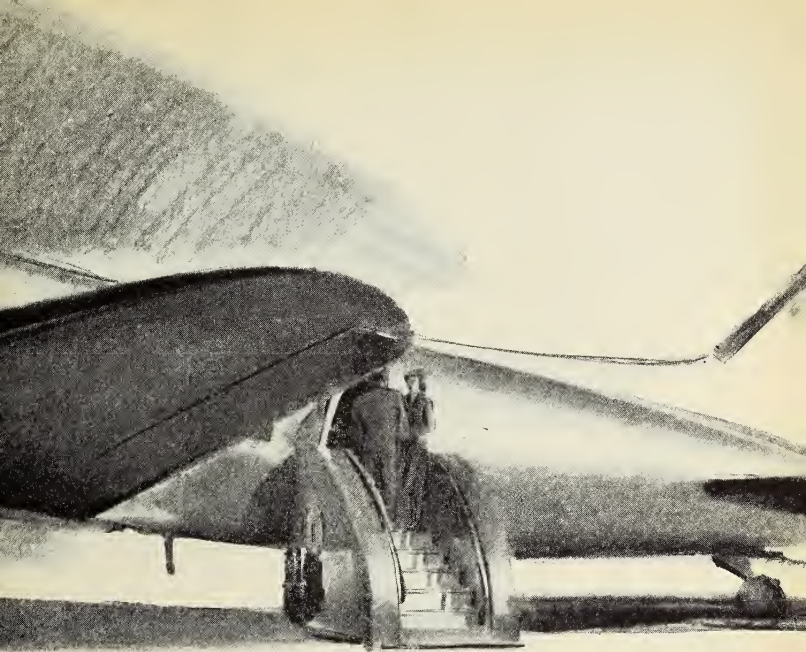
Soon a man called out, "Trip Fifteen for all points north and east." He told the names of all the cities where the plane would stop.

"Our plane is ready," said Mother.

Then Mother and Dorothy went to the gate of the flying field and watched the pilot bring up the big plane. Some men rolled a small baggage truck out to the plane. Dorothy could see her little bag and Mother's big bag on the truck. The



men put all the bags into the front of
the plane under the pilot's seat.



“Now our stewardess and a pilot are getting into the plane,” said Mother. “The other pilot is already in it. I think that we are about ready to start.”

A man opened the gate and said, “Names, please.” Mother gave the man their names.



Then Mother and Dorothy went down the walk and up the steps into the big airplane.

"My, but this plane is big!" said Dorothy as she walked with her mother to their seat.

"You may sit by the window, Dorothy, so that you can see out," said Mother.



They sat down and waited for the plane to start. When the last passenger was in his seat, the stewardess shut the door.

Just then Dorothy saw a lighted sign. It said, "Please fasten safety belts." The stewardess helped Dorothy and Mother to fasten their long safety belt.

"This safety belt keeps us from falling off our seat if the plane begins to roll," said Mother. "In bad weather the plane rolls and bobs up and down. It may even roll a little as it starts off."

Suddenly the motors began to roar. "We are going," said Dorothy.



The plane went faster and faster across the flying field. Then it left the ground and flew up, up into the wind.

“Mother, we are flying!” cried Dorothy.

UP IN THE AIR

The big plane flew up and up, away from the airport. Dorothy looked out of the window at the ground below.

“Oh, Mother,” said Dorothy, “the ground is moving away from us! Everything is getting smaller and smaller.

“ We are going over the city. I can see a lot of trains and some bridges. The automobiles on the bridges look like toys. The engines look so tiny as they puff along ! ”

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Soon the city was left far behind. "I can see farms now, Mother," said Dorothy. "And look at the roads. They look just like long white lines. We must be very high. I can't see the automobiles on the roads."

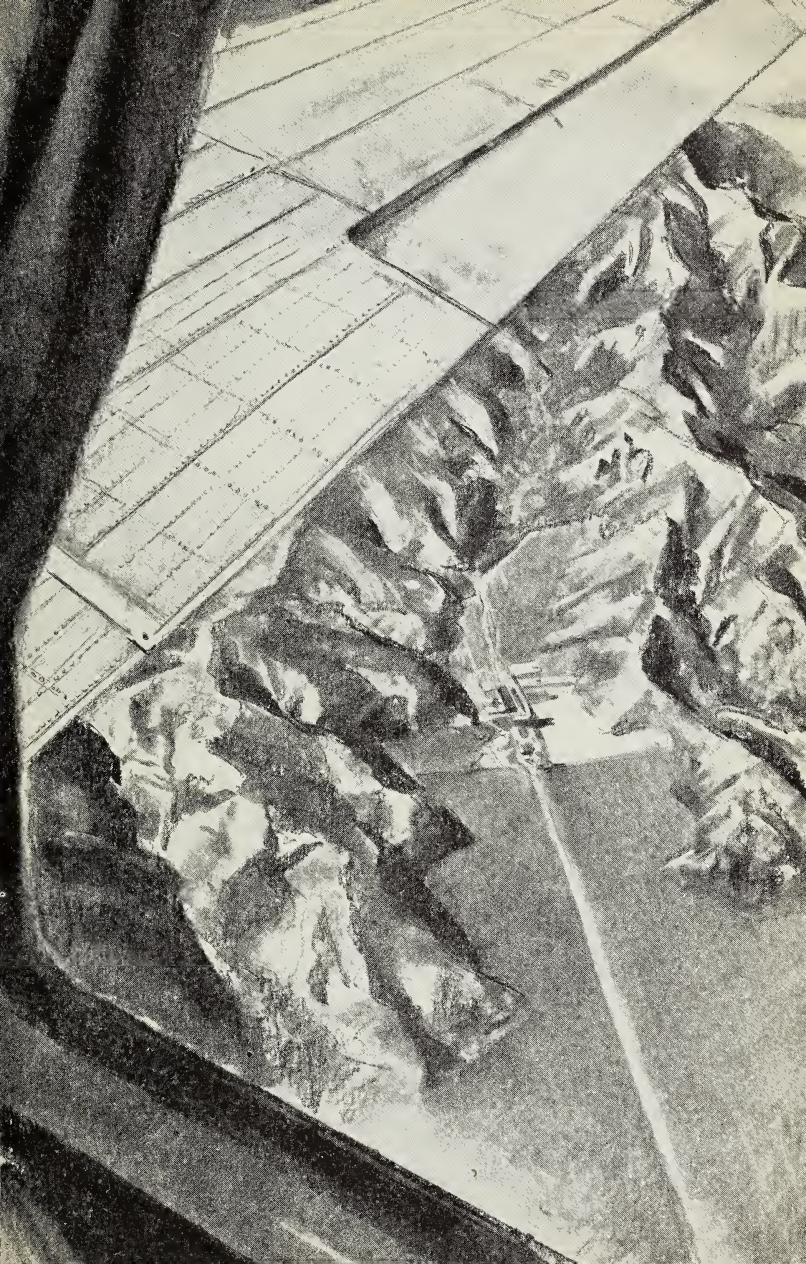
OVER THE MOUNTAINS

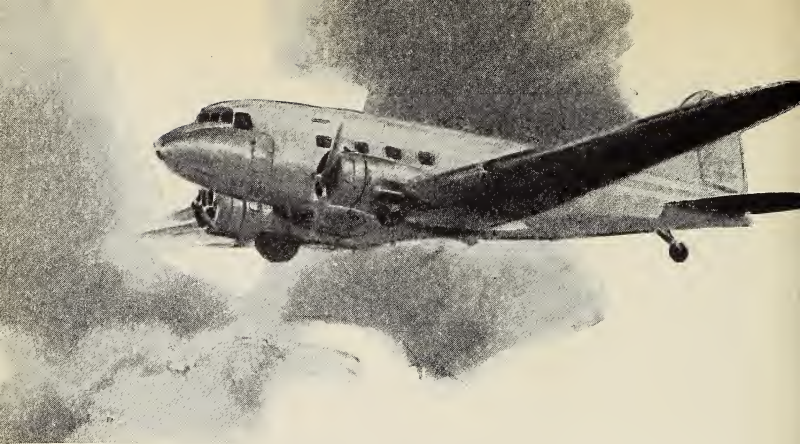
"See, Dorothy," said Mother, "we are coming to the mountains."

The plane was going higher and higher. It had to fly very high to go over the mountains. Faster and faster, higher and higher, went the airplane.

"Oh, Mother, look at the mountains now!" said Dorothy. "They are right under us. I should not want the plane to come down here."

Higher and higher the plane climbed. It flew right into the clouds. The clouds were all around them. Riding through





the clouds was just like riding in a fog. Still the plane went higher.

"We are 'way above the clouds," said Dorothy. "How pretty they are! I can't see the mountains now, nothing but the beautiful white clouds."

The plane flew faster and faster. The stewardess told them that they were going nearly two hundred miles an hour.

FLYING OVER CITY AND COUNTRY

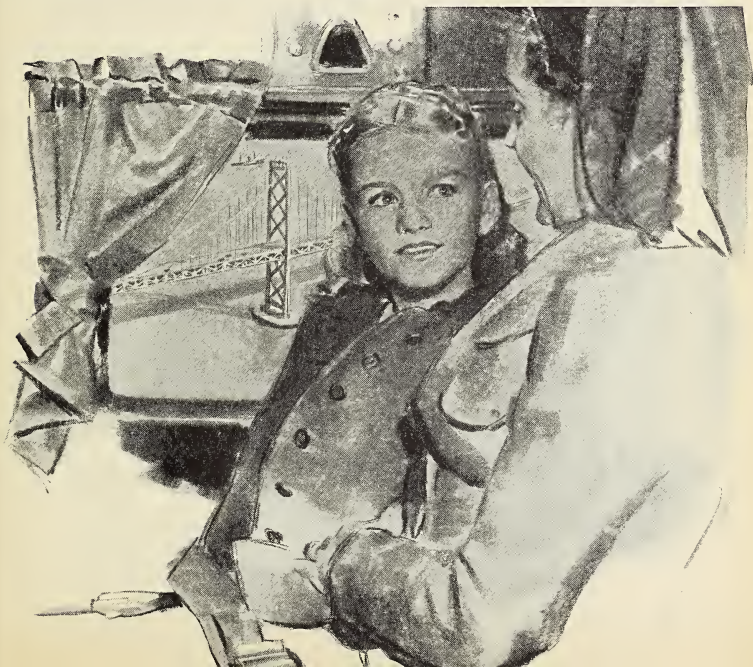
Dorothy looked until she was tired. Then she rested in her seat and talked

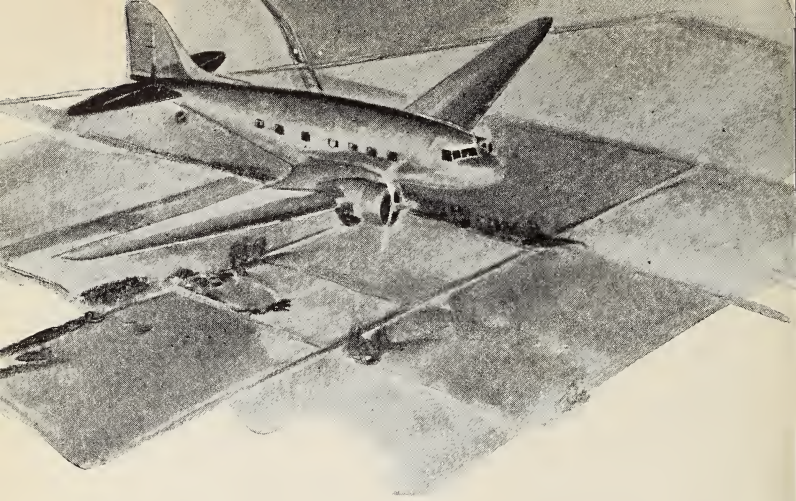
to Mother. When she looked out of the window again, the plane was flying over a large city.

"We are going over a big city, Mother," said Dorothy. "I can see the big buildings. I can see the ocean, too. What a big bridge that is!"

"That is the Golden Gate Bridge," said Mother. "We have been flying two hours. We will land here."

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Soon the big plane took off again, and they left the city behind and were flying over the country.

“How flat the country looks now!” said Dorothy. “It looks just like a big patchwork quilt with houses and barns on it. The trees look like small bushes, and the rivers look like ribbons. Isn’t this wonderful, Mother?”

Then Dorothy had a surprise. The stewardess brought them a tray of good things to eat.

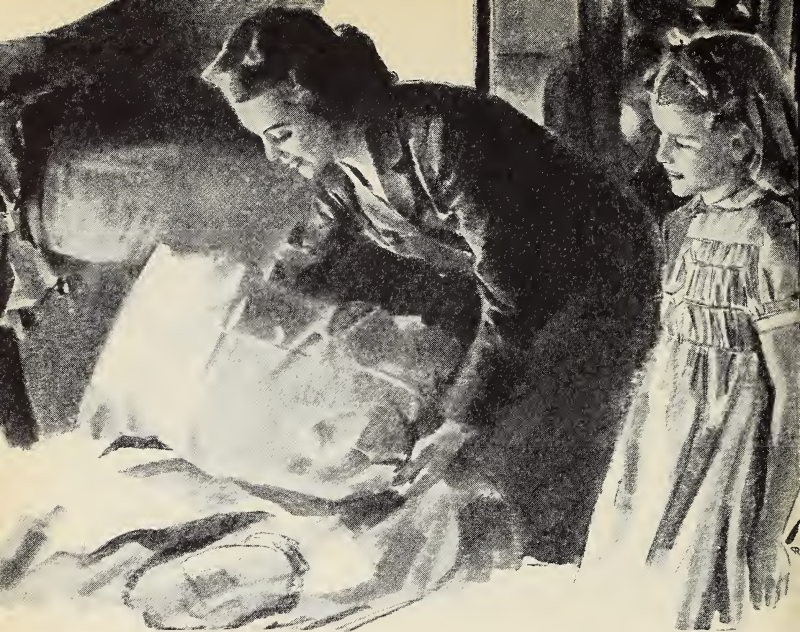


“Thank you,” said Dorothy. “I didn’t know I was so hungry.”

When the stewardess came for the tray, she said, “Should you like to see my kitchen?”

“Oh, may I, please?” said Dorothy. She went with the stewardess. “What a tiny, tiny kitchen!” she said.

After a while it began to get dark. The lights went on in the plane. Dorothy



looked out of the window again. She could see the lights on the tip of the wing of the plane. As the plane passed over a city all she could see below were the little lights.

"Now what is the stewardess doing, Mother?" asked Dorothy.

"She is making up the beds for the people who are going to sleep on the plane all night."

“My,” said Dorothy, “beds on an airplane! I wish I were going to sleep in one of them.” Then she thought: “No, I really don’t. I’d rather see Grandmother.”

A SAFE LANDING

“How funny the motors sound!” said Dorothy.

“Yes,” said Mother, “we are coming down.”

Down, down went the plane very slowly. Soon it was on the ground. Slower and slower it went. Then it came to a stop. Mother and Dorothy were at the end of their trip.

They got off the plane. “We shall see Grandmother soon,” said Dorothy. “May I watch the plane leave?”

“Yes,” said Mother, “there will be time.”

Dorothy watched the new pilots and

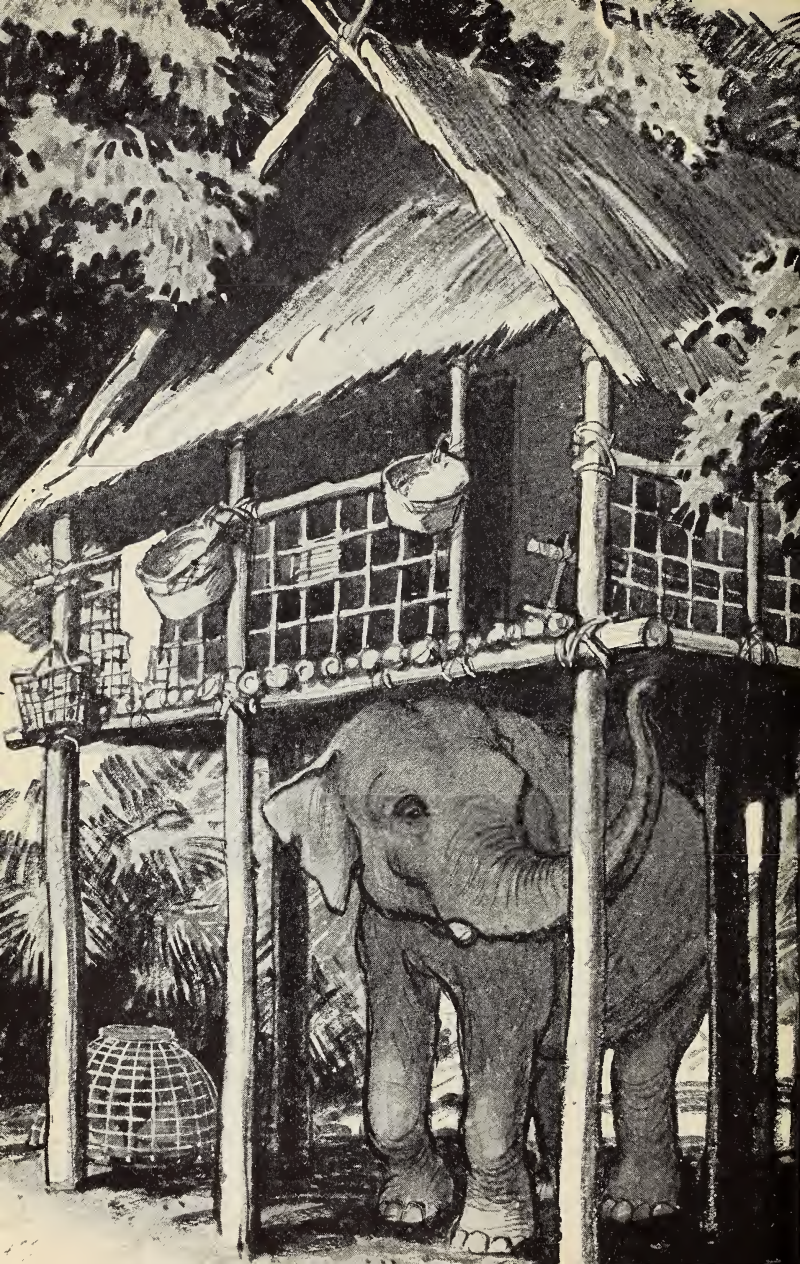
the new stewardess get on the plane.
She watched the passengers get on, too.
Then down the field went the plane.
Away it flew into the night. The lights
on the plane looked like moving stars.

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Find a Picture That Shows

1. Where the man put all the bags.
2. Where the stewardess prepared dinner.
3. How Mother and Dorothy got on the plane.
4. How the mountains looked from the plane above them.
5. How the plane looked as it flew into the night.
6. How the airplane looked as it left the ground.
7. Where people sleep on the plane.
8. How the safety belt was fastened.
9. How the Golden Gate Bridge looked from the window of the airplane.
10. How the airplane looked when it was flying above the clouds.
11. How the flat country looked from the airplane above it.
12. How the city looked from the window of the airplane.



Jambi and His Friends Start the Day

A FUNNY ALARM CLOCK

“Kur-umph ! Kur-umph !”

It was a funny noise for an alarm clock to make. But this alarm clock happened to be an elephant ! His name was Wang, and he belonged to a little boy named Jambi.

Where Jambi lived, the houses sit high up on poles. Wang lived under Jambi's house, for he was a tame elephant and Jambi's best friend.

“Kur-umph ! Kur-umph !” Wang called again. And this time he put his trunk close up to the floor where Jambi was sleeping. The noise sounded right in the little boy's ear.

Jambi sat up then with a sleepy yawn and stretched his arms. When he stretched his arms, you could have seen

that his muscles were strong from working in the rice fields with his father.

The room where Jambi slept had no windows, but they were not needed. The air came in through a thousand cracks in the bamboo walls. It was a house built without a single nail. The parts were held together with rope vines.

Koko lay on the floor beside Jambi. Koko was a monkey. He was Jambi's second-best friend. At this minute he was sound asleep with his head wrapped in his arms. He snored softly, the way sleeping monkeys do.

"Kur-umph!" called Wang the elephant again.

"Wait a minute, Wang," answered Jambi. "Come along, Koko, you lazy monkey!"

"Cha-cha-cha!" answered Koko. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and put his face



down upon his arm again. Perhaps Jambí would let him take another nap, he thought. But he should have known better.

Sure enough Jambí cried: "No you don't, Koko! Come and take your bath."

"Cha-cha-cha!" scolded Koko. A bath was the last thing in the world he wanted.

Already Jambí was pulling out the large jar that held the rain water for

Koko's bath. Jambi knew that Koko would not take a bath in the river with him, for monkeys are very much afraid of water. So Koko had to take his bath in a jar. How he hated it! However, there was no use fussing about it. Jambi always won out in the end.

The monkey climbed into the jar, taking as much time about it as he dared. He lifted one foot slowly, slowly, then the other. Br-r-r-r! How cold the water



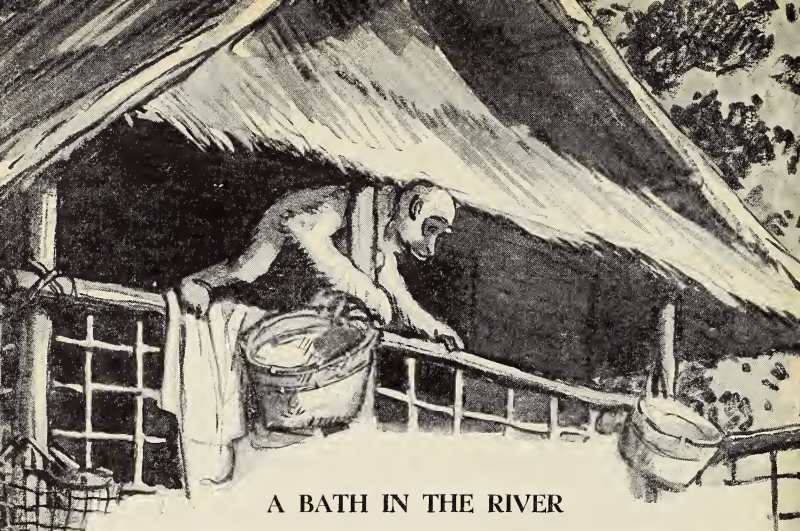
was ! He hung on to the rim of the jar and looked over the top. Jambi laughed because he looked so funny. Jambi splashed water over the monkey's face and on his back.

"There, Koko !" he cried at last. "Out in the sun to dry off !"

Koko climbed out of his bathtub. He looked more like a drowned rat than a clean monkey.

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A BATH IN THE RIVER

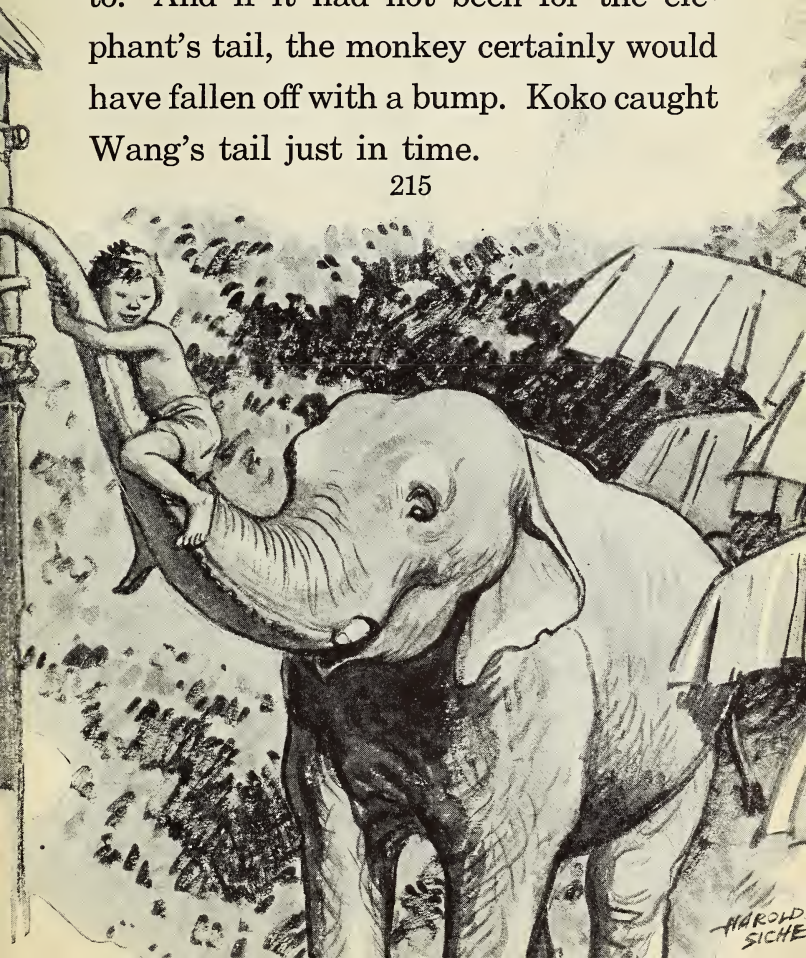
In the next room, Jambi's mother was washing the rice for breakfast. Soon breakfast would be ready. But first Jambi must have his own bath.

He ran out on the porch. A ladder was used for a stairway during the day. It was pulled up at night so that no wild animals could climb into the house.

But Jambi did not need a ladder. For Wang lifted up his trunk and the little boy slid down it. Then the elephant swung Jambi up on his head.

Koko hated to be left alone. At the last moment he ran and jumped from the porch to Wang's back. It was a broad back without anything to hold on to. And if it had not been for the elephant's tail, the monkey certainly would have fallen off with a bump. Koko caught Wang's tail just in time.

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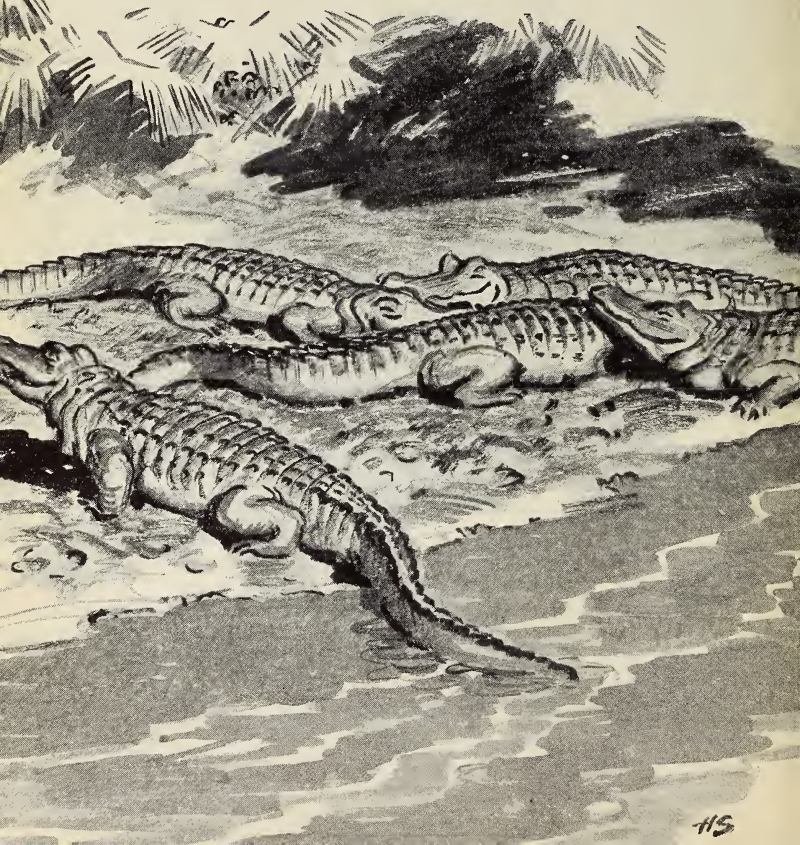
Down to the river went the elephant, the monkey, and the little boy. Bright-colored parrots flew out of their way. A green snake slid off into the bushes. Large monkeys and small monkeys swung through the trees. Jambi could



see the tracks made by the feet of many animals in the soft mud. Jambi's home was an exciting place in which to live. You had to keep your eyes and ears open, though. It was like living in a zoo without any cages.

Crocodiles lay in the sun along the banks of the river. They lay so still that you might have thought they were tree trunks. But Jambi knew how fast they could move when they wanted to. Just let a deer come near, and their

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tails would strike out and knock the animal down.

Jambi was afraid, but Wang did not care. Elephants are not afraid of crocodiles. Wang felt his way along very carefully with his trunk.

There was a pool in the river where Jambi always took his bath. There were no crocodiles there. High rocks were all around it. Here the sun warmed the water before it flowed away into the jungle.

Into this pool they now splashed. Koko reached for the branch of a tree. He pulled himself up into the tree. One bath a day was enough for him ! With a whoop, Jambi slid off the elephant's back. He landed flat in the water.

Wang took a long breath and drew water up his trunk. Then he blew the water all over Jambi's back. This was Jambi's shower bath.

The little boy laughed and splashed water back upon the elephant. High up in his tree Koko went " Cha-cha-cha " with excitement.

" Enough ! " cried Jambi.

The elephant wrapped his trunk around the boy and swung him up out of the water, all dripping wet as he was. For a moment Wang held Jambhi in the air. Elephants are almost as playful as monkeys when they want to be.



“Wang, enough !” cried Jambi again.
This time the elephant set the boy down
on his back. Koko climbed down from
the tree as fast as he could. The bath
was over.

Jambi's day had begun.

Armstrong Sperry (Adapted)

Which do You Think is Right?

1. Jambi lived in a
cool country.
warm country.
cold country.
2. Jambi's father was a
grocer.
farmer.
milkman.
3. In the jungle there are
many trees.
no trees.
few trees.

4. It was not safe for Jambi to walk
along the river banks because of

deer.

monkeys.

crocodiles.

5. Jambi's best friend was

another little boy.

a monkey.

an elephant.

6. Koko took his bath in

the river.

a bathtub.

a jar.



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